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THE
POETICAL TELL-TALE;

OR,

MUSES in MERRY STORY.

BY

PRIOR,
POPE,
GAY,
SWIFT,

|| PARNELL,
WESLEY,
FONTAINE,

And other celebrated POETS, both French and English.

These
Can never fail to please.

Addison.

Life's like a Tale that is told. King David.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. FLETCHER, in St. Paul's
Church-Yard, M D C C L X I V. [Pr. 1s. 6d.]

THE

POETICAL TELL-TALE;

MUSSES in MERRY STORY.



And more various Fables, both French and English,
The Mithras, the Cyclops, the Giant's Wife, &c.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.
The Author has been very much assisted by the
British Museum, and the various Fables, both French and English,
The Mithras, the Cyclops, the Giant's Wife, &c.

LONDON:
Printed for J. FLETCHER, in St. Paul's
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P R E F A C E,



THE Editor of these Papers has no Merit to boast from the present Publication, for he has only presented the Reader with the Dispensatory of a Man many Years subject to the *Hyp*, and other Disorders bordering upon Insanity; who generally in the Paroxysm had Recourse to these Cordials, from which he found instant Relief, and with Gratitude acknowledged their salutary Effects. In a Family, where they were deposited after his Decease, the same Medicines were apply'd for a very different and indeed opposite Purpose; I mean that of allaying the turbulent Passion of Anger, and soothing the first Inclinations to Revenge; and here it had the good Fortune amazingly to succeed, whence it became generally apply'd in similar Cases, and with such Success, that I know several Families, heretofore extremely miserable, that are now made altogether as happy by Means of these Cordials.

In *Lowspiritedness*, let the Patient abandon all strong Liquors (the usual Remedy applied to) for they are destructive: They are only Paliatives, and stem that Torrent for a short Time, which will afterwards break out with double Violence, and bear down all before it. Let the Patient therefore rise in the Morning early, take one of these Doses, use moderate Exercise, dine upon Food that is easy of Digestion, dose again, more Exercise, drink but little, make a light Supper, dose again, laugh heartily, and go to bed soon.

All accurate Anatomists know that the Actions of the Mind, when in a Passion, are like that of a Syphon, or Pump; the first Efforts are languid, and have little Effect, but if the Strokes are reite-

P R E F A C E.

rated the Ebullition increases, the Water resurges with greater Violence, and the Stream rolls on with Impetuosity; but if the Action be suspended awhile, the Waters will subside, the Valves close up, and all be calm and serene, as if no external Force had been applied; so fares it with the Mind, and so far this is a just Similie: Our Passions are generally awaken'd by Degrees, and are raised to the Height only by Means of Opposition; for place a Man in a Passion where there is no one to reply, and the Perturbation will subside, and decrease like a Storm when there is no more Wind to feed its Fury.

Hence appears the extreme Usefulness of this Dispensatory, which, like a Brick-Wall placed between two Combatants, infallibly prevents Mischief.-----But why all these Similitudes? You'll say, Why, because Similies are in Season, and every Author shou'd imitate his Betters.

If a Man in Company shou'd be taken with a Fit of Passion, read one of these Lessons before you give him an Answer, and let him read another before he makes a Reply, and your Disputes will be ended without the Lawyer. This Effect it has had even between Man and Wife, and kept many turbulent Tempers in Tune. Since this Method was invented, many of my Neighbours are become quite different People; and 'tis known to be so certain a Specifick, that whenever old *Naisy* (another Name for *Law---ce*) begins to foam at Mouth his Wife immediately calls out, *Sarah bring the Book!*

The



The P I G. A Tale.

S
 OME husbands, on a winter day,
 Were met to laugh their spleen away;
 As wine flows in, and spirits rise,
 They praise their consorts to the skies.
 Obedient wives are seldom known,
 Yet all could answer for their own;
 Acknowledg'd each as sovereign lord
 Abroad, at home, in deed, and Word :
 In short, as absolute their reign, as
 Grand seignior's over his sultanas.
 For pride, or shame to be out done,
 All join'd in the discourse but one;
 Who, vex'd so many lies to hear,
 Thus stops their arrogant career :
 'Tis mighty strange, sirs, what you say,
 What ! all so absolutely sway ?
 In England, where Italians wife
 Have plac'd the woman's paradise :
 In London, where the sexes flower
 Have of that Eden fix'd the bower.
 Fie ! men of sense to be so vain ;
 You're not in Turkey, nor in Spain.
 True Britons all ! I'll lay my life
 None here is master of his wife.
 These words the general fury rouze,
 And all the common cause espouse ;

B

Till

Till one, with voice superior, said,
 (Whose lungs were sounder than his head)
 I'll send my footman instant home,
 To bid his mistress hither come ;
 And if she flies not at my call,
 To own my power before you all,
 I'll grant I'm hen peck'd, if you please,
 As Sh—k, or as Socrates.

Hold there—replies the objector fly,
 Prove first that women never lie ;
 Else, words are wind—to tell you true,
 I credit neither them nor you.
 No, we'll be judg'd a surer way,
 By what they do, not what they say.
 I'll hold you severally that boast
 A supper at the loser's cost,
 That if you'll but vouchsafe to try
 A trick I'll tell you by and by :
 Send strait for every wife, quite round,
 One mother's daughter is not found,
 But what, before her husband's face,
 Point-blank his orders disobey.
 To this, they one and all consent,
 The wager's laid, the summons went.
 Mean while he this instruction gives ;
 Pray only gravely tell your wives,
 Your will and pleasure is t' invite
 These friends to a boil'd pig to-night.
 The commoner the trick has been,
 The greater chance have you to win :
 The treat is mine, if they refuse ;
 But if they boil it, then I lose.

The first, to whom the message came,
 Was a well born and haughty dame ;
 A saucy independent she,
 With jointure, and with pin-money,
 Secur'd by marriage-deeds from wants,
 Without a separate maintenance.
 Her loftiness disdain'd to hear
 Half thro' her husband's messenger,
 But cut him short with—how dare he
 'Mong pot companions mention me ?
 He knows his way (if sober) home,
 And if he wants me, let him come—.
 This answer, hastily return'd,
 Pleas'd all, but him whom it concern'd ;
 For each one thought his wife, on tryal,
 Would brighter shine by this denial.
 The second, was a lady gay,
 Who lov'd to visit, dress, and play,
 To spark it in the box or ring,
 And dance at birth-nights for the king :
 Whose head was busy wont to be,
 With something else than cookery.
 She hearing of her husband's name,
 Tho' much a gentlewoman, came ;
 When half inform'd of his request,
 A dish, as he desir'd it, dress'd.
 Quoth madam, with a serious face,
 (Without enquiring what it was)
 You can't sure for an answer look ;
 Sir, do you take me for your cook ?
 But I must haste a friend to see,
 Who stays my coming for her tea,

So said, that minute out she flew;
 What could the slighted husband do?
 His wager lost, must needs appear;
 For none obey that will not hear.
 The next, for housewifery renown'd,
 A woman notable was own'd;
 Who hated idleness and airs,
 And minded family affairs:
 Expert in every thing was she,
 At needle-work, or surgery:
 Fam'd for her liquors far and near,
 From richest cordials to small beer:
 To serve a feast, she understood,
 In English, or in foreign mode;
 Whate'er the wanton taste could chuse,
 In kickshaws, sauces, or ragoos:
 She spar'd for neither cost nor pain,
 Her welcome guest to entertain.
 Her husband fair accosts her thus:
 To-night these friends will sup with us.
 She answer'd with a smile, my dear,
 Your friends are always welcome here.
 —But we desire a pig, and pray,
 You'll boil it;—boil it, did you say?
 I hope you'll give me leave to know
 My business better, sir, than so:
 Why ne'er in any book was yet
 Found such a whimsical receipt:
 My dressing none need be afraid of,
 But such a dish was never heard of.
 I'll roast it nice, but shall not boil it,
 Let those who know no better, spoil it.

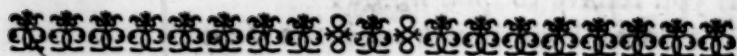
—Her

—Her husband cry'd, for all my boast,
 I own the wager's fairly lost :
 And other wives, besides my love,
 Or I'm mistaken much, may prove
 As chargeable as this to me,
 To shew their pride in housewifry.
 Now the poor wretch that next him sat,
 Felt his own heart go pit-a-pat :
 For well he knew his spouse's way,
 Her spirit brook'd not to obey ;
 And never yet was in the wrong—
 He told her, with a trembling tongue,
 Where, and on what, his friends would feast,
 And how the dainty should be drest.
 —To-night, quoth (in a passion) she ?
 No, sir, to-night it cannot be :
 And was it a boil'd pig you said ?
 You and your friends sure are not mad.
 The kitchen is the proper sphere,
 Where none but females should appear ;
 And cooks their orders, by your leave,
 Always from mistresses receive.
 Boil it !—was ever such an ass ?
 I pray, what would you have for sauce ?
 If any servant in my pay
 Dare dress a pig that silly way,
 In spite of any whim of yours,
 I'll turn her quickly out of doors.
 For such a thing, (nay never frown)
 Where I am mistress, shall be done.
 Each woman wise her husband-rules ;
 Passive obedience is for fools.

This case was quickly judg'd ; behold !
 A fair one of a softer mold ;
 Good humour sparkled in her eye,
 And unaffected pleasantry :
 So mild and sweet she enter'd in
 Her spouse thought certainly to win :
 (Pity such golden hopes should fail)
 Soon as she heard th' appointed tale.
 My dear, I know not, I protest,
 Whether in earnest, or in jest,
 So strange a supper you demand ;
 Howe'er I'll not disputing stand,
 But do it freely as you bid it,
 Prove but that ever woman did it.
 —This cause, by general consent,
 Was lost for want of precedent.
 Thus each deny'd a several way ;
 But all agreed to disobey.
 One only dame did yet remain,
 Who down-right honest was, and plain ;
 If now and then her voice she tries,
 'Tis not for rule, but exercise.
 Unus'd her lord's commands to slight,
 Yet sometimes pleading for the right.
 She made her little wisdom go,
 Farther than wiser women do.
 Her husband tells her, looking grave,
 A roasting pig, I boil'd would have ;
 And to prevent all pro and con,
 I must insist to have it done.
 Says she, my dearest, should your wife,
 Get a nick-name to last for life ?

If you resolve to spoil it, do ?
 But then I hope you'll eat it too :
 For, tho' 'tis boil'd to hinder squabble,
 I shall not, will not, sit at table.
 She spoke, and her good man alone
 Found he had neither lost nor won ;
 So fairly parted stakes : the rest
 Fell on the wag that caus'd the jest ;
 " Would your wife boil it, let us see."
 Hold there, you did not lay with me :
 You'll find, in spite of all you've boasted,
 Your pigs are fatted to be roasted.
 The wager's lost, no more contend,
 But take this counsel from a friend :
 Boast not your empire, if you prize it ;
 For happiest he, who never tries it.
 When unprovok'd wives best obey,
 And that you'll find the safest way :
 But if your dear once takes the field,
 Resolve at first to win or yield ;
 For heaven no medium ever gave,
 Between a sovereign and a slave.





CUPID turn'd THIEF. A TALE.

IN IMITATION OF

The 20th Idyllion of THEOCRITUS.

CUPID, the arrant'st knave alive,
 Stole from mamma to rob a hive;
 As soon as he the prize had took,
 With merry laugh his sides he shook;
 The honey-comb, in frolick vein,
 He suck'd—then laugh'd—then suck'd again—
 —But pleasure oft is mix'd with woe,
 And grief will after blisses flow.
 A bee enrag'd, the thief to brand,
 Fix'd his keen sting upon his hand;
 Strait he began to stamp and roar—
 —His finger throb'd—he stamp'd the more—
 And like a little trooper swore.
 When he found nothing could assuage
 The torture of its burning rage;
 All swell'd his eyes, all smear'd his cheeks,
 With tears which trickled down in streaks;
 Blubb'ring he to his mamma run,
 Cry'd—mam—mamma—you've lost your son:
 Held his swell'd finger up to move her,
 And sobbing told his story over:
 But midst his sobbings would complain,
 That such a thing, so small, so vain,
 Shou'd have the pow'r to give such pain.

VENUS,

VENUS, soft smiling at his tale,
 His finger bus'd, and all was well:
 Then added ; you, fir,—you yourself
 Are like that bee, a tiny elf,
 A little busy flutt'ring thing,
 Unhapp'ly arm'd with pointed sting ;
 And tho' you such an urchin are,
 Can give a wound which none can bear.



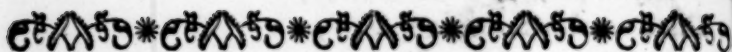
A TALE OF THE TRAVELLERS.

A Good repute, a virtuous name,
 Philosophers set forth
 As the unerring path to fame,
 If fame consists in worth.
 This precious ointment, gently shed,
 O'er mental ill prevails ;
 And where the fragrant medicine spread
 It animates and heals.
 Yet hard it is to use it right,
 Tho' beautiful to view,
 It shines distinguishingly bright,
 How transitory too !
 Like glass it glitters, soon 'tis crackt,
 Irreparably frail ;
 All moralists allow the fact,
 So I apply the tale.
 When things inanimate cou'd speak,
 FIRE once agreed with WATER,
 A friendly jant one day to take,
 But where, 'tis no great matter.

It happen'd, that the day before
 Each left their different station,
 They chose a third, worth twenty more,
 And that was REPUTATION.
 The three companions now reflect,
 If chance shou'd once divide 'em,
 How each their letters might direct,
 Or who shou'd surest guide 'em.
 Says WATER,—friends, you'll hear my name,
 Tho' lost upon a mountain;
 Enquire at any murmuring stream,
 Or seek me in a fountain:
 Sometimes from deep cascades I pour,
 Thro' meadows gently glide;
 I drop a dew, descend a shower,
 Or thunder in a tide:
 Where marshes stagnate, bogs extend,
 Green reeds and turfy fods
 Direct a path to meet your friend;
 A path the bull-rush nods.
 Your restless make, quoth FIRE, I know,
 Just like your parent ocean:
 I love to rove as well as you,
 My life consists in Motion.
 In poets all my marks you'll see,
 Since smoak and flash reveal me;
 Suspect me always near NAT. LEE,
 E'en BLACKMORE can't conceal me.
 In MILTON's page I glow, by art,
 One flame intense and even:
 In SHAKESPEAR's blaze, a sudden start,
 Like light'ning flash'd from heaven.

In many more, as well as they,
 Thro' various forms I shift ;
 I'm gently lambent while a GAY,
 But brightest when a SWIFT.
 From smook sure tidings you may get,
 It can't subsist without me ;
 Or find me, like some fond coquet,
 With fifty sparks about me.
 The best of slaves I'm call'd by men,
 When bound in proper durance ;
 But if I once do mischief, then
 I'm heard of at th' Insurance.
 Alas! poor REPUTATION cry'd,
 How happy in each other!
 Such signal marks must surely guide
 Each straggler to his brother.
 'Tis I alone must be undone,
 Such ill has fate design'd me ;
 If I be lost, 'tis ten to one
 You never more will find me.





THE
LOVER'S DILEMMA.

A TALE.

Humbly inscrib'd to the WORSHIPFUL SOCIETY of
OLD BATCHELORS, at the ***** in ****.

STILL crost in love, and vex'd with spleen,
Thus MOMUS vented his chagrin :
And o'er a cup of fullsome ale,
Told all his club this odious tale.

' Truth seldom needs the help of art ;
' 'Tis best, when bolted from the heart.

' The man, too delicate and nice,
' But rarely gives ye sound advice :
' Then let the following tale commend
' An honest unrefining friend.

' CLODIO two pretty nymphs had courted,
' And now with one—now t'other sported ;
' Had vow'd, protested, swore, and ly'd,
' With all the common forms beside.

' Love grows apace !——for both are won,
' And something quickly must be done.

' Poor CLODY saw the crisis near,
' He saw—but knew not how to steer.

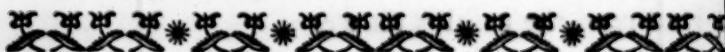
' ——Small judgment to direct his fancy——
' For PEG was fair as well as NANCY :
' And scarce a grain in either scale
' To make this side—or that prevail.

' How

‘ How useful is a friend indeed,
 ‘ To help one out in time of need !
 ‘ —Such CLODIO had—a friend in college—
 ‘ A fellow—yet a man of knowledge !
 ‘ But since he does not covet fame,
 ‘ ’Tis no great matter for his name.
 ‘ Deep learn’d he was in antique lore,
 ‘ Had read the casuists all o’er ;
 ‘ Was vers’d in Aristotle’s rules,
 ‘ And all the mazes of the schools :
 ‘ Nay—(having often—since his youth,
 ‘ Spy’d falshood drest in modes of truth)
 ‘ He knew—as in the close you’ll find—
 ‘ The real worth of womankind.
 ‘ To him in haste young CLODY hies,
 ‘ And thus accosts him for advice.
 “ Two girls there are of honest fame,
 “ (And here he told each fair one’s name)
 “ Of equal beauty, equal spirit ;
 “ And faith ! to me—of equal merit.
 “ I know no difference—I vow,
 “ But—that PEG’s richer by a cow.
 “ Now, sir, I own I’ve courted both ;
 “ Yet—thinking soon to plight my troth,
 “ And since the chusing of a wife
 “ Is certain weal, or woe for life,
 “ Methinks I’d make a prudent choice,
 “ And fain be govern’d by your voice.
 “ Good sir ! assist me to decide
 “ Which I had best to make my bride.”
 The matter had so little in it,
 The sage was ready in a minute.

“ Idiot!

" Ideot !—quoth he—it makes me mad
 " To see so ignorant a lad !
 " What folly has possess'd thy mind !
 " I never thought thou wert so blind.
 " Amongst the sex—thou silly goose,
 " Trust me—there's not a cow to choofe."



THE
 FOOLISH INQUIRY
 A TALE.

LET him who takes a beauty to his arms,
 Like her not worfe, if all admire her charms.
 The wretch who does a haggard beldam wed,
 In hopes to reign unrivall'd in his bed,
 Is like the niggard, who provides such meat
 Himself abhors, that others may not eat.

JOSLIN, a hind of matrimonial make,
 Did smiling SALLY for his help-meat take.
 The fields his toil and pleasure, her's the house ;
 The flocks his care, and her's to milk the cows.
 Equal their labours, equally they lov'd ;
 That both were pleas'd, their mutual fondness prov'd.

One gloomy day, he, mowing his rough face,
 Studious survey'd each feature in the glass.
 This beetle brow (he said) can SALLY like ?
 This length of chin so nice a damsel strike ?
 Can she be true to such a swain as me ?
 Fair, and yet chaste ? oh ! it can never be.

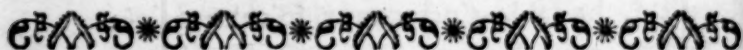
Curst jealousy, the bane of nuptial joys,
 Like nut-bred maggots, the sweet fruit destroys.
 Frantick, at last, he to his SALLY goes,
 And does his agonizing fears disclose.
 Hast thou been false, (he cry'd) the truth declare;
 I'd rather know the worst of truths than fear:
 I from my soul forgive—dear SALLY speak.
 Thus urg'd, the fair with tears did silence break:
 Once, dearest, ('twas but once, and for thy sake)
 I did the matrimonial contract break.
 The handsome 'squire (you to the fair was gone)
 A visit made, and found me all alone:
 Smooth was his tongue, and he, for conquest drest,
 My trembling lips with eager kisses preest.
 Kisses, nor dress, nor his smooth tongue could move
 My faithful heart to deeds of lawless love.
 Repuls'd, he said—since courtship cannot gain
 A favour, may be spar'd—I must restrain—
 Sighs heav'd my breast, I wept—No need of tears:
 Pay me with love, and cancel all arrears—
 Strong the temptation, and our sex is frail;
 Yet interest did, not wantonness, prevail.
 Shou'd he (I thought) dismantle our sweet farm!
 Pleasure, once stol'n, wou'd less my JOSLIN harm:
 Forgive your SALLY then, and ne'er upbraid;
 Here's the receipt in full; our rent is paid.
 Pensive he mus'd on what his SALLY said,
 And to himself this wise reflection made:
 Suspicions none but marry'd fools perplex,
 Who curious search for what, when known, will vex.
 SANCHE, his brother, chose an ugly elf,
 Frightful to others, hated by himself.

Cou'd

Cou'd jealousy possess a man so wiv'd ?
 And yet this wretch his HECATISSA shriv'd,
 Tell me, but tell me true, hast kept thy vows ?
 Or dignify'd thy lawful husband's brows ?

His crooked rib reply'd—some for delight
 Their worthless husbands dub, and some for spite.
 I knew thee wicked, for thy soul I fear'd ;
 That cuckolds go to heav'n, oft have I heard :
 So ask'd a hundred, but no one cou'd find
 Till Tom the tinker came, wou'd be so kind.
 Nor wou'd my passion the coy rogue relieve,
 Unless our old brass kettle I wou'd give.

Regret not, what's decreed, ye sons of earth ;
 The ram, or bull, presid'd at your birth.
 Fated to horns—but here the difference lies,
 Fair SALLY sells, what HECATISSA buys.



K I S S for K I S S. A Tale.

AS COLIN saunter'd with his bride,
 A rural 'squire the couple spied ;
 When tripping to 'em, COL, says he,
 This beauty thine ? it ne'er can be.
 Troth ! but she is, cries lubber-lout ;
 Then, quo' his worship, turn about,
 And let me kiss her damask lip :
 I must, I will—but just a sip.
 When I am married, here's my hand,
 A kiss shall be at thy command,
 Nay, an 'tis so, cries honest COL,
 You're welcome, sure, to buss our DOLL.

The 'squire his eager lips applies ;
 Quick to her cheeks the colour flies :—
 “ Thank ye, sweet sir,”—away she hies.

}

But now his worship, folks declare,
 Is married to a beauteous fair.

Brisk COLIN hastes ; he sees the 'squire ;
 The lady comes ; his heart's on fire.

Quoth COL, and grins,—good zir, I wot,
 You have not yet your word forgot.

No, no :—why then I'll kiss the dame :

He smuggles 'till she cries—for shame.

The clown retires with awkward bow ;

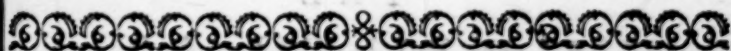
A worthy gentleman, I trow :

But when our DOLLY's lips he prefs'd,

I wish he'd carried on the jest ;

For had they slipt between the sheets,

O ! I had tasted honey sweets !



T H E L O O K I N G - G L A S S .

P O O R STREPHON's aspect, and his air,
 When young would captivate the fair ;
 And often looking in his glass,
 Narcissus-like, he lov'd his face.
 The glass was true, which made him glad,
 For STREPHON was a comely lad.

Now STREPHON's fifty years and more,
 Declining quickly to three-score ;
 And at that age his bloom decay'd,
 When wrinkles and gray hairs invade ;

C

When

His glass, still true, sincerely told,
To STREPHON'S grief, that he was old.

Quoth he, my darling looking-glass,
All transitory things must pass;
The faithful with the faithless go,
The gods and I will have it so;
And yet thy doom is most undue,
Pronounc'd above, for being true.

This said, he quickly lifted high
The glass, in which he fix'd his eye;
And still displeas'd the change to see
Twixt twenty-one and fifty-three,
Adieu! (he cries) old friends at length must part,
For if I break not thee, thou break'st my heart.



T H E CHILD BIRTH: A TALE.

In the Manner of G A Y.

THE doleful dumps I sing, and tearful woes,
Of MARIAN teeming with unlawful throes:
The sheenest lass in Berkshire was she known,
Of all that butter sell to Reading town:
Not the sev'n sisters could o'er her prevail,
The golden farmer's daughters of the vale,
Tho' every Oxford muse their charms has sung,
And gravest doctors * join'd the tuneful throng.

* The Rev. Dr. WILKES wrote a poem upon them.

Ye peers ! who careless of ambition, chuse
 To court the labours of the past'ral muse ;
 And all the wond'rous bards who try the lay,
 Where black Cam rolls, or Isis' eddies play,
 Assist the labours of an humble swain,
 Rude to the pipe, and novice on the plain:

Nine months successive now had rolled round
 Since MARIAN first the pleasing mischief found ;
 In vain her hands had cull'd th' abortive weed,
 Nor aught avail'd the 'pothecary's aid :

Her womb began with fatal size to swell,
 And sick'ning qualms the blushful secret tell :

Then all in sad despair she made her moan,

Lodona's waters echoed groan for groan.

" Ah ! faithless COLIN CLOUT ! ah, luckless I !

" And canst thou, cruel ! from thy MARIAN fly ?

" How often hast thou suck'd my panting breath ?

" How often swore to love me true till death ?

" But to the Justice I'll reveal my plight,

" And with a constable pursue thy flight.

" — Ah ! how unequal, as our parson preaches,

" Are this world's goods ! and sure he rightly

" teaches ;

" For what to maidens brings eternal stain,

" (Sad management) gives honour to the swain.

" 'Twas on the blithest morn of all the year,

" When new-born May bids ev'ry shepherd cheer :

" When artful maids their rival fancies show,

" And well-wrought garlands bloom on every bough ;

" When gaudy fairs bespangle ev'ry street,

" And lowing cows the novel pasture greet ;

" Fresh rose I, MARIAN hight, from rustic bed,
 " The morning dream still hov'ring o'er my head ;
 " Gay shews and sweethearts had employ'd my
 " thought,
 " The kifs imprinted, and the fairing bought !
 " From lavender I drew the tucker'd smock,
 " And hosen boastful of a various clock ;
 " The silver'd knot well scollop'd on my head,
 " And donn'd the Sunday gown berob'd with red.
 " Thus all bedight, and ready for the fair,
 " I sat impatient with a wistful air,
 " Expecting COLIN CLOUT, my perjur'd swain,
 " Who always follow'd MARIAN on the plain :
 " With him the moon-light walk I us'd to tread,
 " With him I danc'd upon the sportive mead ;
 " That very morn had taught the snails to crawl,
 " And print mysterious letters on the wall.
 " At length he came, and I with joyous meed
 " Mounted behind him on the pillion'd steed :
 " Sweetly I sung, he whistled to the lay,
 " Sweetly I sung the song, and sung the day :
 " *What beauteous scenes* began the tuneful tale !
 " And next I humm'd *the sweets of Arno's vale* ;
 " Then MOLLY MOGG, fair damsel of the rose,
 " And *lovely* PEGGY, toast of London beaux.
 " And now in view gay Reading strikes our eyes,
 " And all the dainties of the fair arise :
 " Here * Birmingham its boasted ware displays,
 " There leather breeches hight, and bodice stays ;

* A town famous for working in steel.

" Here

" Here posied garters flutter'd in the way,
 " There painted hobby-horses seem to neigh ;
 " Here belles in ginger-bread, all gilded over,
 " And little gew-gaw H——ys act the lover.
 " Shepherds and nymphs from every part repair,
 " All who on Oxford hills direct the shear,
 " Who fell the forest, or who mow the mead,
 " Or drag in little boats the finny breed :
 " Her wide-mouth'd sons low-seated Henley sends,
 " And smoky Okeingham it's tribute lends.
 " But far did MARIAN all the rest outvie,
 " No cheek so ruddy, nor so black an eye ;
 " Scarce DOLLY C——K, the daughter of the may'r,
 " With all the flaxen ringlets of her hair,
 " With all the snowy fulness of her breast,
 " In blithsome features might with me contest.
 " All youths ambitiously around me strove,
 " Each gave some chosen emblem of his love ;
 " One quaintly bought the garters for my thighs,
 " While simple archness sparkled in his eyes,
 " But all their fairings unsuccessful prove,
 " Still true to COLIN CLOUT I held my love.
 " —Ah ! sly deceiver ! you enclasped my arm,
 " And seem'd my faviour, while you meant my
 " harm ;
 " Far too unequal was the high reward,
 " My maidenhead must pay thee for thy guard ;
 " Already warm'd with joy you win my heart,
 " And stamp a little COLIN e'er we part.
 " —Yet now, when nature fills my womb, to fly—
 " Nor yet one tear to issue from thine eye—

“ My slighted love to quick resentment turns ;
 “ Lo my blood rises, and my cheek all burns !
 “ O I could tear thee as I tear this glove—
 “ Go, horrid monster ! I despise thy love,
 “ Thy oaths I quit, thy fairings I resign,
 “ Forget, renounce thee, hate whate’er was thine,
 “ * No christian mother bound thy infant head,
 “ Some Turk begat thee, or some Papist bred ;
 “ Or dropt on Cambrian hills, a squallid brat,
 “ Some she-goat suckled thee with savage teat.
 “ † —Go to thy drab, whoe’er has won thy heart,
 “ And may the pox devouring make thee smart ;
 “ ‡ My vengeful ghost shall haunt thee o’er the plain,
 “ Yes, thou shalt suffer, villain, for my pain.
 “ —But ah ! my rage relents, my sorrow flows ;
 “ Come COLIN ! faithless shepherd ! ease my woes.
 “ And must I in the sheet opprobrious stand ?
 “ Thy plight is troth’d, ah ! come and give thy hand :
 “ My conscience starts, where’er I hear a knell,
 “ And is a little love deserving hell ?
 “ Too hard a penance for a sin so slight !
 “ Ah ! how my heart misgives me every night !
 “ When sleep has clos’d my sorrow-streaming eyes,
 “ Then ghastly dreams, and hateful thoughts arise :

* *Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
 Perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
 Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.*

† *I, sequere Italiam ventis, &c.*

Spero equidem mediis, siquid pia numina, &c.

‡ *Omnibus umbra locis adero, dabis, improbe, pœnas.*

Æn. 4.

“ * All

" * All unaccompany'd methinks I go
 " O'er Irish bogs, a wilderness of woe!
 " Ah! my wits turn! strange phantoms round me
 " fly!
 " Lo! I am chang'd into a goosb'ry pye!
 " Forbear to eat me up, inhuman rabble!
 " Cocks crow, ducks quake, hens cackle, turkies
 " gabble.

Thus as she rav'd, her womb with rueful throes
 Did to the light a lusty babe disclose:
 Long while she doubted of the smirking boy,
 Or on her knee to dandle, or destroy;
 Love prompted her to save, and Pride to drown,
 At length Pride conquer'd, and she dropt her son.

* — *Semperque relinqui*
Sola fibis semper longam incommitata videtur
Ire viam, & Tyrios deserta quærere terra.
Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus, &c.
 Æn. 4.



ACTÆON. A TALE.

Mutato nomine, de te Fabula narratur. HOR.

ACTÆON (as old stories shew)
 Kept hounds, as our poor sportsmen do,
 Delighted in the wily grove,
 Nor envied he imperial Jove:
 But once transported in a chace,
 (You must not mind what OVID says)

Pleas'd with the musick of his hounds,
 Amidst his raptures, cries G—d Z—ds;
 Not Jove, with his Pierian pack,
 Can half such charming discord make.
 The God enraged that any he
 Shou'd thus debase his harmony,
 Cries, sure, I'll end this mortal's days,
 And thus he perfects what he says.

The careless sportsman chance to steer
 His course, indeed, he knew not where;
 (Such was the will of mighty Jove)
 At last he stray'd into a grove,
 Where the bright goddess of the wood,
 With all her nymphs around her stood;
 Whilst each, officious in her place,
 Wip'd off the labours of the chace.
 'Twas there the wond'ring mortal view'd,
 And grew a wonder as he stood:
 In short, (lest longer verse shou'd flag)
 The man was turn'd into a stag;
 But if my word is not rely'd on,
 See OVID, or our OVID—DRYDEN.
 There you will find his safety flown,
 Infectious to himself he's grown;
 And by those hounds, is now pursu'd,
 He once with so much pleasure view'd:
 The fatal breath he leaves behind,
 They catch just dancing in the wind,
 And as the distant plain they scour,
 Eager the well known scent devour:

Unhappy

Unhappy state ! that common breath
 Which gives us life, shou'd give him death ;
 From ev'ry motion death must flow,
 To breathe, or not to breathe, is so.
 With trembling haste ACTÆON flew,
 With haste the snuffing pack pursue :
 Nor fear, nor speed, cou'd aught avail,
 And so to end my chase and tale,
 What to his honour much rebounds,
 He died a victim to his hounds.

The moral of my tale will tell us
 How often fall such gallant fellows ;
 Hark—forward—is their constant cry,
 Backward they never cast an eye.
 Here, OVID, here, without thy fancy,
 Actæons now we daily can see,
 Strangely bereft of human nature,
 Quite chang'd into a beastly creature,
 Exceeding far all prudent bounds,
 Devour'd at last too by their hounds.
 Most frequent now, before our eyes,
 A fresh ACTÆON yearly dies.
 The 'squire, sir, so decay'd is grown,
 He drinks his ale with farmer JOHN.
 Pray—why?—'twas dogs that brought him down. }
 The knight, (a lover of the sport)
 Is now reduc'd to humble port,
 Expensive hounds will soon devour him,
 Just as they did this wretch before him.



T H E
DISAPPOINTED MILK - MAID.

In medio tutissimus ibis.

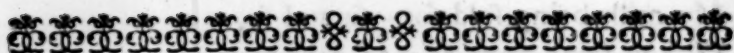
HOW poorly your Projectors fair,
That build their castles in the air !
Still tow'ring on from scheme to scheme,
They top OLYMPUS in a dream :
But waking, find (nineteen i'th score)
Themselves far lower than before.
Of this the instances are many,
And this will serve as well as any.

It happen'd on a Summer's day,
A country lass as fresh as May,
Deck'd in a wholesome russet gown,
Was going to next market town.
So blith her looks, so simply clean,
You'd take her for a May-day queen,
Save, 'stead of garland (says my tale)
Her head bore Brindy's loaded pail,
As on her way she pass'd along,
She hum'd the fragments of a song :
She did not hum for want of thought,
Quite pleas'd with what to sale she brought ;
And reckon'd by her own account,
When all was sold, the whole amount.
Thus she——In time, this little ware
May turn to great account with care,

My

My milk being sold for—so and so,
 I'll buy some eggs as markets go,
 And set them——At the time I fix
 These eggs will bring as many chicks;
 I'll spare no pains to feed them well,
 They'll bring vast profit when they sell;
 With this, I'll buy a little pig,
 And when 'tis grown up fat and big,
 I'll sell it, whether boar or sow,
 And with the money buy a cow,
 This cow will surely have a calf,
 And there the profit's half in half;
 Besides there's butter, milk and cheese,
 To keep the market when I please.
 All which I'll sell, and buy a farm,
 Then shall of sweet-hearts have a swarm;
 O! then for ribbands, gloves and rings,
 Ay! more than twenty pretty things:
 One brings me this, another that,
 And I shall have——the Lord knows what!
 Fir'd with the thoughts, the frantic lass,
 Of what was thus to come to pass,
 Her heart beat strong, she gave a bound,
 And down came milk-pail on the ground,
 Eggs, fowls, pig, hog, (ah! well a-day!)
 Cow, calf, and farm,——all swam away,





T H E
C O N T E N T E D C L O W N.
A T A L E.

YO U N G H O D G E, a poor, but a contented
 swain,

Rented a homely cottage on a plain ;
Homely you'd say, if you the cottage saw,
The walls were rais'd of mud, and thatch'd with
 straw :

In wond'rous form at every corner stood
A mighty pole, lopp'd from a neighbouring wood ;
Not columns plac'd for show and wanton pride,
But to support with safety every side.
For when with furious blast the north-wind blew,
HODGE long had thought that ruin must ensue ;
And landlord nought would give, so lov'd he pelf,
That HODGE e'en turn'd an architect himself ;
Therefore, as he consulted use alone,
Laid parlour, hall, and kitchen into one.
Well with the place the furniture agreed,
No implements of luxury, but need ;
Five wooden platters in a comely row,
With eke as many beechen spoons below ;
An iron pot stood open to the view,
By which, that he good-living kept you knew :
On half one side, the antique bed was plac'd,
One whole chair, and three broke, the other grac'd ;

All

All that you cou'd unnecessary call,
 Were some old tatter'd ballads on the wall :
 Alike of wealth was all his stock and store,
 Two bee-hives (one forsaken) at the door,
 And cabbages and turnips half a score ;
 A meagre tit that on the common graz'd,
 A small runt cow that from a calf he rais'd ;
 One cock, two hens, and half a dozen chicks,
 Two little heaps of hay, which HODGE call'd ricks ;
 Three pigs, within doors kept, and serv'd with care,
 To these—a wife—two girls—a son and heir :
 These were his stock—nor did he e'er repine,
 Tho' pigs, wife, children, often did combine
 To greet his ears, and in loud concert join.
 But, midst this scene of poverty and woes,
 HODGE by his looks no discontentment shows ;
 He feels no secret pangs, betrays no spleen,
 But in his face a blithful mirth is seen :
 At work he whistles, when his work is done
 No more is tir'd than when he first begun ;
 Homeward he hies, and tunes a merry song,
 His lov'd, though dirty squaling tribe among :
 Happy the day, as happy proves the night,
 And MADGE and HODGE experience true delight ;
 Nor doubt that both their pleasures are sincere,
 When a brave chopping child comes ev'ry year.

Such HODGE's life was, which a neighbouring
 'squire

Did often with an envious mind admire ;
 Wonder'd a Clown in such penurious state
 Never repin'd at Heav'n, and curs'd his fate,

But

But still was merry, and was still content ;
 And though his charge increas'd—still paid his rent.
 —The 'squire once caught him felling down an oak,
 And though he toil'd, still sung 'twixt every stroke :
 Pleas'd at his lightsome heart, began a chat,
 And after some discourse of this and that ;
 ' Pray HODGE, cries he, a hardship you endure,
 ' How can you be so merry, and so poor ?
 ' You whistle, sing, contented are, and free,
 ' Some secret sure you have ; pray tell it me ?
 HODGE stops a while, and with a leer replies,
 ' You shall the secret know without disguise ;
 ' Why, when I think of such fine folk as you,
 ' That ride in coaches, and have nought to do ;
 ' Who live upon the fat of all the land,
 ' Have coaches, horses, servants at command ;
 ' Why then, an't please your worship, in good faith,
 ' A secret curse or two my father hath,
 ' Who under such a star a son begot,
 ' That never will through life be worth a groat.
 ' But when I change the case, and think how few
 ' Have such estates, and live like one of you ;
 ' And yet how many millions have the curse
 ' Of my condition, if not still a worse ;
 ' Content, that work I follow I began,
 ' And still jog on as merry as I can.





TRUE HEROISM.

A T A L E.

TH E S E precepts how divinely great !

Love thou the wretch who stoops to hate ;
 Relieve the fainting hungry foe,
 And emulate the god below !
 All joys to those th' observance brings
 Are trifles, toys, and empty things ;
 Unmatch'd his blifs, whose godlike mind
 Sublime, unconquerably kind,
 Ingratitude assails in vain,
 As Albion's cliffs the restless main.
 Of this I sing, indulge the tale,
 If truth's conspicuous through the veil.

A mongrel Dog, a surly elf,
 Who ne'er lov'd ought beside himself,
 A shepherd's irksome service left,
 And liv'd, a vagrant beast, on theft ;
 As once half-chew'd he gorg'd his prey,
 A splinter'd bone obstructs the way ;
 This to remove all arts in vain
 He'd try'd, just dead with fear and pain,
 No friend the woods and plains among,
 Alone, forlorn, he crawl'd along——
 Near him at length a Crane he spies,
 But views the birds with hopeless eyes ;
 Tho' well her pow'r to save was known,
 Whose taper beak cou'd reach the bone ;

For

For who to him, a worthless thief——
 By pity mov'd, wou'd bring relief?
 Some other native then to find,
 He ply'd his half distracted mind,
 And hit on that which whilome made,
 Poor friendship dwindle to a trade,
 When gen'rous love in man grew cold,
 And mutual aid was bought and sold.
 So to the bird, in feeble tone,
 He made the dire disaster known,
 Adding (to make assistance sure)
 That vast rewards attend the cure.
 The Crane at once comply'd, and drew
 The latent splinter forth to view.
 The savage, free'd from pain and fear,
 Beheld his friend with scornful sneer;
 What! now no doubt you want your hire,
 Thou mercenary fool——retire——
 (The thankless ruffian taunting said)
 And thank me that you wear your head.

The gen'rous bird reply disdain'd,
 And spurn'd the ground the wretch profan'd,
 Look'd up with yet unconquer'd eye,
 And clapt her wings, and fought the sky;
 Conscious the greater worth possest,
 Than thought to him could e'er suggest,
 Who held no good was e'er design'd
 Without return, in gold or kind:
 Pleas'd she reflects, with virtuous pride,
 Herself that generous aid supply'd,
 Nor hop'd nor wish'd the profer'd hire,
 For wealth's beneath a Crane's desire.

The Dog, mean time, with inward pain
 Her careless air and just disdain
 Beheld, and curst the glorious sight,
 With all the rage of frustrate spight,
 Than keen reproach it stung him more,
 And gave a pang unfelt before ;
 He turns abhorrent of the day,
 And grinds his fangs, and stalks away ;
 With persevering feet, behind
 Him justice trac'd, tho' lame, and blind ;
 When next he tasted living food,
 He found his late mischance renew'd,
 Another bone his throat retains,
 And doubles all his former pains ;
 At once a thousand thoughts combind,
 Like light'ning flash'd upon his mind,
 They stung, they blasted, as they came,
 With conscious guilt, remorse, and shame ;
 Where'er he turns his dying eyes,
 He sees insulted Cranes arise,
 His forfeit word, ill omen'd sound !
 He finds in all the ecchoes round.
 " Will now the bird, my friend so late,
 " Again redeem my life from fate ?
 " Wou'd she, tho' found again, believe
 " The tongue that speaks but to deceive ?
 " And who of all that wing the sky,
 " But know my crime as well as I ?
 " The injur'd Crane would never fail
 " To publish this to ev'ry gale ;
 " Curst Dog—to guilt more curst, a prey."
 He groan'd—as stretch'd on earth he lay.

A bird, who hear'd him thus complain,
 Flew straight, and told her friend the Crane;
 She hastes th' expiring wretch to find,
 Who thus display'd his rankling mind:
 Oh! worse than death, detested sight—
 Receive me hell! surround me night!
 Com'st thou to blast my dying ear?
 Why take thy wish—I'm bound to hear—
 Reproach and insult, scorn and hate,
 Come all—and urge the hand of fate.

Conscious of worth superior, smil'd
 The Crane, and thus his fears beguil'd:
 Learn nobler thoughts—look up, and trace
 The marks of mercy in my face,
 I count the nobler task, to show
 That virtue still resides below,
 To make thy stubborn soul believe
 There are who wrong'd can still relieve:
 Thy life again I come to give,
 And more—a pattern how to live.

The cur, tho' still of guile afraid,
 Knew death was sure without her aid;
 Since then his death cou'd be but sure,
 He thought it best to risque a cure.
 Again the Crane exerts her art,
 The splinter leaves the wounded part;
 The Dog astonish'd, dumb with awe,
 Th' exalted bounty felt, and saw—
 Grov'ling in dust, he durst not meet
 Her eye, but crawl'd and lick'd her feet;
 Contempt itself, and just disdain,
 Had given but half the shame and pain.

Methinks

Methinks I see, supremely fair,
 Erect th' inhabitant of air ;
 Methinks, with kindred joy, I trace
 The bliss that kindles in her face,
 The glories gathering round her head,
 While thus the vanquish'd sinner said :

Oh ! wond'rous child of bounteous Jove,
 I sink beneath the weight of love ;
 Oh ! let me find some happy way,
 One mite of this vast debt to pay,
 Lest thus profusely, while you bless,
 Your kindness should too much oppress ;
 Make me henceforth your faithful slave,
 And deign to use the life you gave ;
 So shall I dare once more to rise,
 Once more to meet those friendly eyes,
 Which else 'tis certain death to see,
 Nor death himself could wound like thee.

The bird reply'd, you owe me nought,
 I've gain'd the sole reward I sought,
 The joy, the glory, to impart
 The virtue that first warm'd thy heart ;
 To heav'n thy adoration pay,
 It's servant I, who pleas'd obey ;
 The gods forever good and wise,
 Who mark our faults with pitying eyes,
 Their justice thus with mercy mix,
 Our feet in virtue's paths to fix ;
 Be virtuous then, and blest, she said,
 Exulting clapt her wings and fled.

The Dog arose, resolv'd no more
 A thief to prow the forest o'er ;

He fought his rightful master's cot,
 Tho' long deserted not forgot :
 As near the peaceful place he drew,
 A wily fox he caught and flew ;
 With this his peace at home he made,
 Receiv'd, forgiv'n, no more he stray'd,
 Was ever found, at COLIN's side,
 A faithful servant 'till he dy'd.

Can then th' ungrateful render virtue vain,
 When all may taste the pleasures of the Crane ?
 Shall he who sighs for glory dye the field,
 When nobler laurels bloodless conquest yield ?
 Without return, who persevere to bless
 The hero's pleasures, and his palm possess ;
 While those who barter services away
 Are venal bands, and only gain their pay :
 Brave in all fortunes be the gen'rous mind,
 Friend to its foes, and to the thankless kind ;
 Since the steel'd breast, on which thy bounty's shed,
 But throws a brighter radiance round thy head ;
 While grateful minds contract thy virtue's blaze,
 While in their own they half absorb thy praise.

So on the brook, when shines the god of day,
 The yielding waters deep admit the ray ;
 But when, descending on the hostile field,
 The shafts of PHEBUS smite the polish'd shield,
 Strong from the steel the pointed ray returns,
 Glows with new light, and with new ardour burns.



T H E
F A R M E R ' s B L U N D E R .
A T A L E .

A Farmer once to London went,
To pay the worthy 'Squire his rent :
He comes—he knocks—soon entrance gains,
Who at the door such guest detains ?
Forth struts the 'Squire exceeding smart ;
' Farmer you're welcome to my heart :
' You've brought my rent then ?——To a hair.
' The best of tenants, I declare.'
The stew'rd was call'd, th' accounts made even,
The money paid, receipt was given.
' Well, quoth the 'Squire, now you shall stay,
' And dine with me, old friend, to day ;
' I've here some ladies, wond'rous pretty,
' And pleasant sparks, I'll warrant will fit ye.'
He scratch'd his ears, and held his hat,
And said, ' No zur, two words to that ;
' For look, d'ye zee, when ize do dine,
' With gentlevolks zo cruel fine,
' I use to make (and 'tis no wonder)
' In deed, and word, zome plag'y blunder ;
' Zo, if your honour will permit,
' I'll with your zervants pick a bit.——
' Pho, says the 'Squire, it shan't be done,'
And to the parlor push'd him on.

To all around he nods and scrapes,
 Not waiting maid or butler scrapes.
 With often bidding takes his seat,
 But at distance mighty great,
 Tho' often ask'd to draw his chair,
 He nods, nor comes an inch more near.
 By madam serv'd, with body bended,
 With knife and fork, and arms extended,
 He reach'd as far as e'er was able,
 To plate that over-hung the table.
 With little morsels cheats his chops,
 And in the passage some he drops.
 To shew where most his heart inclin'd,
 He talk'd and drank to JOHN behind.
 When drank to in the modish way,
Your love's sufficient zur, he'd say;
 And to be thought a man of manners,
 Still rose to make his awkward honours.
 ' Pish, says the 'Squire, pray keep your setting;
 ' No, no, he cries, zur, 'tis not fitting;
 ' Tho' I'm no scholard vars'd in letters,
 ' I knows my duty to my betters.'
 Much mirth the Farmer's ways afford,
 And hearty laughs go round the board.
 Thus the first course was ended—well!
 But at the next—ah! what befell.
 The dishes now were timely plac'd,
 And table with fresh lux'ry grac'd.
 When drank to by a neighb'ring charmer,
 Up, as was usual, stands the Farmer.
 A wagg, to carry on the joke,
 Thus to his servant softly spoke;

' Come

‘ Come hither, Dick, step gently there,
 ‘ And pull away the Farmer’s chair :’
 ‘Tis done, his congee made, the clown
 Draws back, and stoops to sit him down ;
 But by posteriors over-weigh’d,
 And by his trusty feat betray’d,
 As men at twigs in river sprawling,
 He catch’d the cloth to save his falling.
 In vain—sad fortune ! down he’s wallow’d,
 And rattling all the dishes follow’d.
 The foolings lost their little wits,
 The ladies squall’d some fell in fits.
 Here tumbled turkies, tarts, and widgeons,
 And there minc’d pyes, and geese, and pidgeons.
 A pear-pye on his belly drops,
 A custard-pudding met his chops.
 Lord ! what ado ’twixt belles and beaux,
 Some curse, some cry, and rub their cloaths :
 This lady raves, and that looks down,
 And weeps and wails her spatter’d gown ;
 One spark bemoans bespatter’d waistcoat,
 One, rot him, cries, he’s spoil’d my lac’d coat.
 Amidst the rout, the Farmer long
 The pudding suck’d, and held his tongue.
 At length he gets him on his breech,
 And scrabbles up to make a speech ;
 First scrapes eyes, mouth, and nostrils twangs,
 Then smacks his fingers, and harangues.
 ‘ Plague tak’t, ize told ye how ’twou’d be,
 ‘ Luck here’s a pickle, zurs, d’ye see ;
 ‘ And some, I’ll warrant, that makes this chatter,
 ‘ Have cloathers daub’d with greas and butter,

' That cost—He had gone on—but here
Was stopt at once in his career.

' —Peace, brute ! begone, the ladies cry,
The beaux exclaim, fly rascal, fly.—

' I'll tear his eyes out, squeaks miss DOLLY,

' I'll pink his soul out, roars a bully.'—

At this the Farmer shrinks for fear,

And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,

Shabs off, and cries, ay ! kill me then,

When e'er you catch me here again.

So home he jogs, and leaves the 'Squire

To cool the spark, and ladies ire.

Here ends my tale, and now I'll try,

Like PRIOR, something to apply.

This may teach rulers of a nation,

Ne'er to place men above their station ;

And this may shew the wanton wit,

That whilst he bites, he may be bit.

RETROP. BAJULUS.



THE



T H E
M I D N I G H T - S T U D E N T ;
O R , T H E
C U R A T E ' S W I F E S E R V ' D .

DO what you can, a woman still
(The proverb says) must have her will,
Or fraud or cunning will prevail,
Where kind entreaties ever fail.

A country priest, of studious life,
Just turn'd of thirty, took a wife ;
The girl full nineteen years had tarry'd,
Too long, alas ! before she marry'd.
The nuptial day in mirth was spent,
At early eve to bed they went ;
He look'd next morn a little dull,
She blush'd and simper'd like a fool :
Hence physiognomists could tell,
That, so far, matters had gone well ;
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry night,
All, for a month, went pretty right.

From that time, matrons grave report,
Things seem'd a little out of sort ;
Whene'er, amongst tea-table chat,
Her neighbours talk'd of this and that,
She brought it slyly round about,
Her spouse's foible should come out.

What

What pretty woman could endure it,
 From such a handsome, jolly Curate ?
 To love her close for e'er she prest him,
 And morning, noon, and night carest him :
 He told her often 'twas in vain
 To teaze, for kissing hurt the brain ;
 Forbid to hug him like a leach,
 For, if he kiss'd, he could not preach.

As fond endearments would not do,
 Another way she brought him too.
 'Tis said the parson could indite
 His sermons best, at dead of night,
 And, when he us'd from sleep to wake,
 Would give the fair a rousing shake,
 ' Wife, I've a thought exceeding bright !
 ' Rise, presently, and strike a light.'
 So said, so done, whene'er he bid it,
 Obediently she rose, and did it ;
 Lean'd at his pillow with the taper,
 While he committed pen to paper :
 Then both laid down ; he took a snore,
 And thought again, in half an hour ;
 Again, the fair unseals her eyes,
 To gratify his whim, and rise.
 Did, e'er before, deserving beauty,
 Contented, drudge at such hard duty ?

One night, he pull'd her by the arm,
 And gave the usual rude alarm :
 She yawn'd and stretch'd ; ' Wake, wake my dear,
 ' (He cries) why, sure, you cannot hear ?
 She flings her arms across his neck,
 And lays her lips upon his cheek ;

Sighs

Sighs deep, yet seems but half awake,
 Till pinch'd, and so constrain'd to speak,
 She mutters out, ' Excuse me now ;
 ' 'Tis cold !—you're quite unkind, I vow.'
 Aloud he bawls, ' For half a crown,
 ' I wou'd n't, child, but set it down !'
 ' La, la ! (the answers) and, with that,
 She taps his cheek a gentle pat,
 ' I wont, unless you'll—so and so.'
 ' So ! how ? (he cries)—' Why don't you know ?'
 ' Pish ! afterwards, perhaps, I may.'——
 ' But first !'——' Pooh ! hussy, can't you stay ?'
 She cuddles nearer to his face,
 And warms the clod with an embrace :
 No longer, now, resist he cou'd,
 Tho cold, he yet was flesh and blood,
 And, therefore, did—whate'er she wou'd.

She kept her word, the candle brought,
 But, then he had forgot his thought :
 He shakes his head, proceeds to schooling,
 ' You see, my dear, what comes of fooling :—'
 She stops his progress, ' Ay, my dear ;
 ' But, next time, we'll take better care ;
 ' You shall reveal your thoughts to me,
 ' And charge 'em with my memory ;
 ' I'll mind 'em, while we do that same,
 ' Or else be bound to bear the blame.'

In vain, he ply'd the female fox
 With Reasons strongly orthodox ;
 She prov'd, what acts of married life
 Were orthodox in man and wife :

The parson in the strife was foil'd,
 And soon the dame was big with child.
 This teaches neighbour, friend and brother,
 That one good turn deserves another.



T H E
 A N T's P H I L O S O P H Y.

SPRING, hoary *winter's* lovely child,
 Approach'd, reviving nature smil'd ;
 With brighter gold the morning glow'd,
 The snöws dissolv'd, the rivers flow'd,
 Warm western breezes shook the reed,
 Prolific dews impearl'd the mead,
 On ev'ry spray new leaves appear'd,
 The birds from every bush were he'rd,
 No more the folds the flocks retain,
 Nor village fires the shiv'ring swain.

Adorn'd with ev'ry gorgeous dye,
 The gale receiv'd a Butterfly ;
 Vig'rous, and as the season gay,
 He wanton'd in the beams of day.

Two careful Pismires, each a sage,
 By nature wise, and wise by age,
 (While each the gawdy trifle sees)
 Express'd, by turns, such thoughts as these.

‘ Short is the date of thoughtless myrth,
 ‘ The lightest vanity on earth !
 ‘ The pleasures *idleness* bestows,
 ‘ But sharpen want's succeeding woes ;

‘ Yon

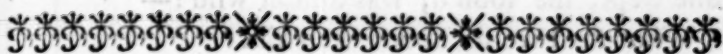
' Yon flutterer, recent from the dust,
 ' Shall quickly prove the maxim just ;
 ' And righteous sure is Jove's decree,
 ' *That* famine *punish* gluttony.'

His friend reply'd, — ' The fate of flies
 ' I view with pity, not surprize,
 ' This insect, firstling of the year,
 ' In ign'rance lives secure from fear ;
 ' Nature he sees in all her pride,
 ' With all her bounties is supply'd ;
 ' For him spontaneous plants arise,
 ' Where'er with wanton wings he flies ;
 ' He from the transient vernal show'r
 ' Sweet shelter finds in ev'ry flow'r,
 ' Enjoys the sun's returning ray,
 ' And hopes a *morrow* like *to-day*.
 ' 'Tis not ordain'd for him to know,
 ' What seasons change the world below ;
 ' No dreary winter he foresees,
 ' No freezing brook, no naked trees,
 ' No chilling blast, no steril plain,
 ' Perpetual clouds, or hoary rain :
 ' Should we, by long experience wise,
 ' As friends inform him, and advise,
 ' Perhaps our plan of life pursued,
 ' In *winter* shall secure him food,
 ' From riot something he may spare,
 ' The bliss of future *springs* to share.
 ' Vain thought ! the sage reply'd again,
 ' Experience proves your hopes are vain.
 ' Alas ! can *reason* conquer *fate* ?
 ' Can counsel make a *fly* sedate ?

• Shall

' Shall he new schemes of life pursue,
 ' Believe your words, and copy you ?
 ' Know *wisdom*, the best born of heav'n,
 ' Wisdom by none but Jove is giv'n,
 ' On us bestow'd—perhaps alone—
 ' For Man, our boasted lord, has none.
 ' Proud wretch ! beneath whose heedless tread
 ' We count a thousand thousand dead ;
 ' Whose staff, huge mass ! with casual blow
 ' Our towns unseen can overthrow ;
 ' Even he, whose life an age endures,
 ' No good beyond the *now* secures——
 ' For toys he barter's health and ease,
 ' And leaps the precipice he sees ;
 ' Not reason's warning voice he hears,
 ' Or wise by hours, is mad by years ;
 ' By folly still belies his birth,
 ' And lives a very *fly* on earth.
 ' Thank heav'n, to heav'n our thanks be due,
 ' We know our int'rest, and pursue.
 ' Let Man rule earth, and claim the sky,
 ' The dread, yet scorn, of you and I,
 ' Our humbler lot, with wisdom blest,
 ' Jove's partial bounty marks the best.'
 Our Ant's conclusion, briefly to apply,
 Let him who scorns it by his life deny.





THE FATHER.

A TALE.

AVARO liv'd a private life,
 And starv'd in bondage with his wife.
 Did she too starve ? To him, at least,
 So matters seem'd ; but she knew best :
 For she was plump, historians say,
 And look'd as blythsome as the day :
 But that, AVARO understood,
 Was from her temper, not her food.
 One son they had, but never more,
 Children, thought he, make people poor ;
 And virtue dwells in self-denial,
 So I'll abstain from farther trial.——
 Whether the lady thought the same,
 Or not, is nothing to my theme.

The marriage articles, which said
 Madam should always have her maid,
 Were kept from SUSAN down to NAN,
 'Till DICK began to grow a man.
 DICK was the son we just now mention'd,
 Who, grown a man, inform'd the wench on't ;
 The wench grew fond, as DICK grew bolder,
 And was convinc'd of what he told her.

A lucky girl may grant a favour,
 Yet keep her character for-ever :
 But luck was little of NAN's side ;
 Her failing grew to big to hide.

She

She wept, she sobb'd, was almost wild :—

‘ What shall we do about the child ?

‘ Poor youth ! thy ruin it will be ;

‘ And I—what must become of me !

Caught in this sad dilemma, DICK
(Whose faculties were sharp and quick)

Concluded thus to save their bacon,

‘ In father’s net it must be taken :

‘ NAN, you can swear a lye for once ;

‘ You know the ‘squire is but a dunce :

‘ At worst his worship may be wrought on ;

‘ Leave that to me (quoth NAN) well thought on.’

DICK whispers it about the parish :

‘ God knows the cause ! but NAN looks quearish :

‘ I wish my father don’t grow young.’

This was enough, the story rung.

A country servant big with bearn,

Is thought a popular concern :

So NAN was quickly apprehended ;

Son, father, mother, all attended.

Before the justice now we find her,

DICK prompting all the while behind her.

His worship (influnc’d before)

Cries, ‘ Hussey, who made you a whore ?

‘ My master,’ says the quean, and took

The usual oath upon the book.

‘ What swore the slut ? AVARO cries,
(And lifted up his hands and eyes)

‘ My wife can prove my long unfitness !—

‘ Villain (quoth she) call me to witness !

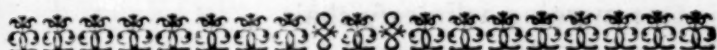
‘ Yes, letcher, I can witness this :

‘ I’ve now and then a slabb’ring kifs :

‘ That’s

‘ That’s all, these twenty years and more;
 ‘ The rest, it seems, was for your whore.’

Condemn’d on evidence so plain,
 AVARO urg’d his age in vain :
 A child not his, a jealous wife,
 Were now the comforts of his life :
 And may such comforts ever be
 The fruit of such frugality.



T H E
 E X P E R I M E N T.
 A T A L E.

VIRTUE and Vice, two mighty pow’rs,
 Who rule this motly world of ours,
 Disputed once which govern’d best,
 And whose dependents most were blest.
 They reason’d, rally’d, crack’d their jokes,
 Succeeding much like other folks.
 Their logic wasted, and their wit,
 Nor one nor t’other wou’d submit ;
 But both the doubtful point consent
 To clear, by fair Experiment :
 For this some mortal, they declare,
 By turns shall both their bounty share,
 And either’s pow’r to bless him try’d,
 Shall then the long dispute decide.

On HODGE they fix, a country boor,
 As yet rough, ign’rant, careless, poor——

E

Vice

Vice first exerts her pow'r to bless,
 And gives him *riches* in excess,
 With gold she taught him to supply
 Each rising wish of *luxury* ;
 HODGE grew at length polite and great,
 And liv'd like minister of state ;
 He swore with grace, got nobly drunk,
 And kept in pomp his twentieth punk.

One morning as in easy chair
 HODGE sat with ruminating air,
 Vice, like a lady fair and gay,
 Approach'd, and thus was hear'd to say—
 (Behind her Virtue all the while
 Stood slyly list'ning with a smile)

' Know, favour'd mortal, know that I
 ' The pleasures of thy life supply ;
 ' I rais'd thee from the clay-built cell,
 ' Where *want*, *contempt*, and *slav'ry* dwell ;
 ' And as each joy on earth is sold,
 ' To purchase *all*, I gave thee gold ;
 ' This made the charms of beauty thine,
 ' This blest'd thee with the joys of *wine* ;
 ' This gave thee, in the rich *repast*,
 ' Whate'er can please the *tutor's* taste.
 ' Confess the blessings I bestow,
 ' And pay the grateful thanks you owe ;
 ' My name is Vice.—Cry'd HODGE (and sneer'd)
 ' Long be your mighty name rever'd !
 ' Forbid it, heav'n ! thus blest by you,
 ' That I shou'd rob you of your due —
 ' To *wealth*, 'twas you that made me heir,
 ' And gave, for which I thank you, *care* ;

' Wealth

' Wealth brought me *wine*, 'tis past a doubt,
 ' And wine, see here's a leg! the *gout*.
 ' To wealth I owe my *French ragout*,
 ' And that each morn and night—I spue;
 ' This *beauty* brought, and with the dame
 ' The *pox*, a blest companion! came.
 ' And now, to shew how much I prize
 ' The joys which from your bounty rise,
 ' Each coupled with so dear a brother,
 ' I'll give you *one* to take the *other*.——
 ' Avant, depart from whence you came,
 ' And thank your stars that I am lame.'

Enrag'd and griev'd away she flew,
 And all her gifts from HODGE withdrew.

Now, in his sad repentant hour,
 Celestial Virtue try'd her pow'r;
 For *wealth*, content the goddess gave,
 Th' unenvy'd treasure of the slave!
 From wild desires she set him free,
 And fill'd his breast with charity;
 No more loud tumults riot breeds,
 And temperance *gluttony* succeeds.

HODGE, in his native cot at rest,
 Now Virtue found, and thus address'd:
 ' Say, for 'tis yours by proof to know,
 ' Can Virtue give thee bliss below?
 ' Content my gift, and *temp'rance* mine,
 ' And *charity*, tho' meek, divine——

With blushing cheeks, and kindling eyes,
 The man transported thus replies:
 ' My goddess! on this favour'd head
 ' The life of life thy blessings shed!

- ‘ My annual thousands when I told,
- ‘ Infatiate still I sigh’d for gold ;
- ‘ You gave content—a boundless store !
- ‘ And, rich indeed ! I sigh’d no more.—
- ‘ With *temp’rance* came, delightful guest,
- ‘ *Health*—*tasteful food*, and *balmy rest* ;
- ‘ With *charity*’s seraphic flame
- ‘ Each generous *social* pleasure came,
- ‘ Pleasures which in possession rise,
- ‘ And retrospective thought supplies !
- ‘ Long to attest it may I live,
- ‘ That all *Vice promises*, you *give*.’

Vice hear’d, and swore that HODGE for hire
 Had giv’n his verdict like a liar ;
 And Virtue, turning with disdain,
 Vow’d ne’er to speak to Vice again.



ON TOBACCO. A TALE.

In Imitation of PRIOR.

WOMAN, with contradiction fraught,
 With good things find the greatest fault ;
 Calls ee’n *Tobacco* Indian weed,
 Tho’ British *herbs* it far exceed,
 What tho’ King JAMES wrote books against it,
 He prudently at length dispens’d with’t ;
 When once old CECIL made appear,
 It brought in thousand pounds a year ;
 Then, JEMMY, like VESPASIAN, you cry,
 From all things, *dulcis odor lucri*.

Tobacco

Tobacco, unrestrain'd by rules,
 The chilly warms, the hotter cools ;
 The plowman, huntsman, lab'rer, spinner,
 To save their pipe cou'd lose their dinner ;
 In tooth-ach 'tis a known specific,
 In country cottages prolific ;
 Yet ladies fine, throughout the nation
 (Far gone in spleen and affectation)
 Still cry, *Tobacco's* only use is
 T' unbrace the nerves, and dry the juices.
 But ladies may in judgment fail ;
 For instance, hear the following tale.

Near Offa's dike, of burly frame,
 A lawyer liv'd, (we'll wave his name)
 Who dearly lov'd a buxom lass,
 Nor less a chearful pipe and glass ;
 But finding he ran daily more in
 Debentures, by mere dint of whoring,
 Grew tir'd of such unchristian carriage,
 And chose to mortify in marriage.
Love, sway'd by *reason* most profound,
 A wife produc'd, and thousand pound.

At first, like strictest devotees,
 He's night and morning on his knees ;
 But, when the honey moon was over,
 Grew something more a moderate lover ;
 Wou'd take his gun, and kill a snipe,
 So meet a friend, and smoke a pipe.

When home he comes, she smells his breath,
 Cries, Gad ! you'll poison me to death ;
Tobacco ! faugh ! what wife, ye pow'rs !
 Can bear such stinks, and odious hours ?

My dearest, I've no more to say;
You shall command, and I'll obey.

Next morn he stirr'd not from the house,
But spent the live-long day with spouse:
To bed they went just after supper,
When he to madam turn'd his crupper;
And tho' full many a sigh it cost her,
Th' insensible ne'er chang'd his posture.

Next day she seem'd extremely froward,
This was not right, and that untoward;
At length she cry'd, with look so queer,
Last night you was not well, my dear.
Quoth he, (and then her hand he prest)
I'm sorry if I broke your rest;
Perish all matrimonial strife!
E'en tho' *Tobacco* save my life;
Till now I've ta'en it still by stealth,
Without it never had my health;
June seems, without it, like December,
I lose the use of ev'ry member:
Yet, I, my love, cou'd die to please ye;
Die? no, quoth she, I'll make you easy—
Here, SUSAN, run—But, take this guinea,
Fetch ten pounds of the best Virginia:
The healing plant dispell'd her cares,
He had his pipe, and she had hers.





T H E
 BEAU and the BUTTERFLY.

A F A B L E.

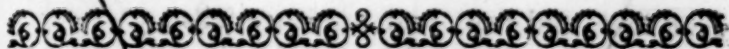
WHEN summer deckt each silvan scene,
 And sunshine smil'd along the green;
 When groves allur'd with noon-tide shade,
 And purling brooks refresh'd the glade;
 An empty form of empty show,
 A flutt'ring insect, call'd a Beau,
 In gaudy colours, rich and gay,
 A meer papilio of the day,
 Was seen around the fields to rove,
 And haunt by turns, the stream and grove:
 A silver zone entwin'd his head,
 His belly shone with lively red;
 His wings were green, but studded o'er
 With gold embroider'd spots before.
 Around him various insects came,
 Of diff'rent colour, diff'rent name;
 And ting'd with ev'ry gorgeous dye,
 Among the rest a Butterfly:
 His wings are spread with wanton pride,
 And beauty fades from all beside.
 The Beau beholds with envious eyes,
 The living radiance as it flies;
 ' And shall, said he, this worthless thing,
 ' That lives but on a summer's wing,

' This flying worm more gaudy shine ?
 ' And wear a dress more gay than mine ?
 ' Is this wise nature's equal care
 ' To deck a Butterfly so fair ?
 ' While Man her worthiest, greatest part,
 ' Must wear the homely rags of art !
 Thus reason'd he, as reason Beaux,
 The subject of their logic, cloaths ;
 And thus the Butterfly reply'd,
 With deeper tints by anger dy'd.

' Vain, trifling mortal could'st thou boast
 ' To prize, what nature prizes most
 ' On Man bestow'd, thou woud'st not see
 ' With envy ought she gives to me.
 ' This painted vestment, all my store,
 ' She gives, and I can claim no more—
 ' But Man for greater ends design'd,
 ' Shou'd boast the beauties of the mind.
 ' More bright than gold with wisdom shine,
 ' And virtue's sacred charms be thine.
 ' To rule the world by reason taught,
 ' On dress disdain to waste a thought,
 ' For he whom folly bends so low,
 ' Ambitious to be thought a Beau,
 ' Is studious only to be gay,
 ' In toilet-arts consumes the day ;
 ' And the long trifling labours o'er,
 ' Takes wing, and bids the world adore,
 ' Looks down with scorn on rival flies,
 ' Himself less splendid, and less wise ;
 ' With scorn, his scorn return'd again
 ' Proud insect ! impotently vain !

: The

‘ The fool, who thus by self is priz’d,
 ‘ By others justly is despis’d ;’
 She said, and flutter’d round on high,
 Nor staid to hear the beau’s reply.



THE TWO DOVES.

A FABLE.

TWO Turtles once, a gentle kind,
 In softest bands by love were join’d ;
 But blessings which no pains molest,
 Still languish in the wishful breast ;
 Till taught by fear we seldom prize
 The largest bounty of the skies :
 Thus tir’d of home Columbo grew,
 And pensive sigh’d for something new :
 For distant realms prepar’d to part,
 Thus spoke the partner of his heart :
 ‘ Why should my dear Columbo rove,
 ‘ And leave me widow’d in the grove ?
 ‘ What ill can worse than absence be ?
 ‘ Unkind ! not absence worst to thee !
 ‘ Yet let the toils, the perils, cares,
 ‘ Which fate for travellers prepares
 ‘ Retard thy speed—attend the spring,
 ‘ And wait the Zephyr’s aiding wing :
 ‘ What haste ?—this hour, ill omen’d sound !
 ‘ The raven’s croak was hear’d around ;
 ‘ Hawks, nets, and ills of ev’ry kind
 ‘ Henceforth shall haunt my boding mind ;
 ‘ And

- And what does heav'n at home deny,
- That thou can'st wish, or heav'n supply ?

These words in doubt Columbo hold,
Still weakly vain, and rashly bold ;
At length his wrestle's with prevails,
And love, and fear, and prudence fails ;
When thus he spoke with chearful air——

- “ From Turturella far be care,
- “ No more let tears those eyes distain,
- “ Whate'er I seek three days shall gain ;
- “ Returning then, to thee I'll tell
- “ Whate'er I saw, whate'er befell ;
- “ Amusing thus the pensive day,
- “ Who little see, can little say ;
- “ Of rich description full, my tale
- “ Shall oft thy listening ear regale ;
- “ The scenes I'll paint so strong, so true,
- “ In fancy, thou shalt travel too.

This said, *farewell* dissolves his heart,
And wet with mutual tears, they part.

As Turturella pensive fate,
In fancy wand'ring with her mate,
Now thought to wing far distant skies,
And mark new wonders as he flies,
Far at her utmost ken she sees
A bird approach by slow degrees ;
Nor form'd for flight he seem'd, nor song,
But stop'd by turns, and limp'd along :
Her pains who feels can tell alone,
The bird for chang'd Columbo known ;
Down from her nest she flew to meet
Her mate, with mutual tears they greet ;

Fit shelter, for no more he flies,
 The hollow of a tree supplies;
 A while with silent grief oppress'd,
 At length the Dove her mate address:
 ' O! tell me, dear Columbo, tell
 ' What scenes you saw, what woes befall;
 ' Why wounded thus Columbo mourns,
 ' And e'er th' appointed day returns?
 With falt'ring voice Columbo cry'd,
 " From thee no more my heart I hide;
 " Scarce from the peaceful grove I pass,
 " When sudden clouds the skies o'ercast;
 " I saw the storm, for shelter sought,
 " A single tree that shelter brought,
 " Thin leav'd, and pervious to the show'r;
 " I felt the rig'rous season's pow'r:
 " The cloud dissolv'd, benum'd with cold
 " Again my dripping wings unfold;
 " In neighb'ring fields some corn I view,
 " And hov'ring near, a Turtle too;
 " By flatt'ring hopes deluded there,
 " I struggled in the fowler's snare:
 " The Turtle tutor'd to betray,
 " Beneath the bait a net there lay.
 " Unwonted strength, despair supply'd,
 " I broke the snare my feet that ty'd;
 " With less than half my tail I fled,
 " And trail'd behind a broken thread,
 " A remnant of the snare, when lo!
 " A Vulture sees me, dreadful foe,
 " Just as he stoop'd to snatch the prey,
 " From heav'n an Eagle wing'd his way;
 " I, while

" I, while the sons of rapine fight,
 " Improv'd the lucky hour in flight;
 " The ruins of a cot were near;
 " I thought my dangers ended here;
 " Deceitful thought! a playful-boy,
 " (The cruel race in sport destroy)
 " Whirl'd round the sling, the rapid stone
 " Laid bare my pinion to the bone;
 " Yet reach I living this abode,
 " What *signal mercies* heav'n bestow'd!
 " Left in this grove to sigh alone,
 " What fate has Turturella known?
 " More signal yet by far, said she,
 " The mercies heav'n bestow'd on me:
 " Alas! what woes, Columbo cry'd,
 " In this short absence hast thou try'd?
 " What near escapes to equal mine?
 " Amazing marks of love divine!—
 " The woes averted from my head
 " Are those which thou hast felt, she said;
 " No near escapes 'twas mine to prove,
 " What more amazing mark of love!
 " In *ease* and *safety* more I gain
 " Than *life*, to thee preserv'd with pain;
 " See then the mercies that I meant,
 " Which heav'n to give me, gave content:
 Learn hence the gifts of Jove to prize,
 And, e'er misfortunes teach, be wise.



T H E
F A T A L I N Q U I S I T O R.

A T A L E.

TH O' *down the bed* where MIRO lay,
 He slept not to the dawn of day.
 And who cou'd hope a moment's rest,
 While thoughts like these perplex the breast?
 " Knowledge conceal'd beyond the sky,
 " Ah! what can dim-ey'd man descry?
 " Life's good, or ill, 'till felt, unknown;
 " To-morrow's is to-morrow's own!
 " My mortal hour the next may be——
 " Or heav'n may hoary age decree.
 " My moments pass, when past I know,
 " If fraught with happiness, or woe.
 " The tardy knowledge comes too late,
 " And unprepar'd we meet our fate.
 " Ah! why, if heav'n is wise and kind,
 " Thus hood-wink'd man's immortal mind!
 " Why prescience jealousy denied
 " Of life alone, the guard and guide?
 " Man born to woe, as sparks ascend,
 " The means of bliss heav'n will not lend."
 Here slumber seal'd his weary'd eyes;
 A dream ensu'd, to make him wise.
 (But all her sons, like EVE, shall know
 Knowledge that heav'n forbids, is woe!)

An

An Angel thus bespoke him, " Friend!
 " I come at once thy doubts to end!
 " Full to thy view I'll make appear
 " The fate of thy ensuing year."
 He ceas'd; and from the doubter's eyes
 Fell scales—a scene began to rise—
 'One raving in a fever lay!
 Shriek'd!—and expir'd!—turn'd cold as clay!—
 Another, worn to skin and bone,
 Deep! and more deep! fetch'd many a groan!
 And now, the shadow gasp'd for breath!
 And now, was agoniz'd, in death!
 " Who's she, *that* fever robb'd of life!—"
 The Angel answer'd, " 'Twas your wife!—"
 " The man *consumption* ended, who?—"
 Again the Angel answer'd, " You!—"
That dreadful word like thunder broke!—
 The dreamer startled!—and awoke!—
 " What can this shocking dream pretend!—
 " Two deaths before the year shall end!—
 " MIRA's the first!—Nor her's alone!
 " As much is ascertain'd, my own!—
 " *Your wife!—And you!*—This tingling ear
 " Still rings, as were the Angel here!—
 " But what's a dream?—Nay some rehearse
 " It just denotes its own reverse—
 " Of mine shall I presume the same?—
 " Impossible! from heav'n it came!—
 " Came to correct this wrangling heart!
 " And what but *truth* can heav'n impart?—
 " Must I then die?—Is death so near?
 " Good heav'n! accept this gushing tear!

" To

" To every crime thy grace extend !
 " And let that death my sorrows end !
 " But how to break it to my *fair* !
 " For the dread secret she must share !
 " Warn'd, she'll prepare herself to die !
 " And shine a brighter faint on high !"—

The dream was told !—How struck the dame !
 High bounds her pulse ! Her blood's on flame !
 See her in bed ! She pants !—She turns !—
 She raves !—How fell the fever burns !—
 She's gone ! And when her heart-strings broke,
 MIRO felt more than half the stroke !—
 By fore-thought of that dreadful day,
 How much was MIRO worn away !
 But *quite* to lose so fond a wife,
 It shrunk him to a shade of life !
 Ev'n hope, the *waster's** constant friend,
 That scarce deserts him at his end ;
Hope flies this pinner's heart ! nor dare
 That heart importune heav'n to spare !—
 But certain, that his instant doom's decreed,
 He meets grim death half-way, and dies indeed !

M O R A L.

Man at his peril thro' the *future* pries !
 What best were hid, heav'n hides from human eyes.
 Hence there are *seasons* to be purely gay ;
 And ev'n misfortunes have their *proper day*.

* 'Tis said to have been observ'd, that consump-
 tive people frequently hope to recover even to the
 very last.

Hence

Hence *hope*, that helps life's heaviest loads to bear;
 Hence all the humble confidence of *prayer*.
 Hence *resignation* calms the pious breast,
 And all that heav'n permits, man construes best.



INSULTED POVERTY:

O R,

THE CASE IS ALTERED.

A T A L E.

HODGE held a farm, and sinil'd content,
 While *one* year pay'd *another's* rent:
 But if he ran the least behind,
 Vexation stung his anxious mind:
 For not an hour would *landlord* stay,
 But seize the very quarter-day!—
 That cheap the market! scant the grain!
 Tho' urg'd with truth, was urg'd in vain:
 The same to *him*, if false, or true!—
 For rent *must* come when rent was due!—
 Yet that same *landlord's* cows and steeds
 Broke HODGE's fence, and cropt his meads.—
 In hunting, that same *landlord's* hounds!
 See! how they spread his new-sown grounds!
 Dog, horse, and man, alike o'erjoy'd,
 While half the rising crop's destroy'd!—
 Yet tamely was the loss sustain'd—
 'Tis said the sufferer once complain'd!

The

The 'Squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
And pay'd the Bumkin—with a joke!—

But luckless still, poor HODGE's fate!—
His worship's bull has forc'd a gate!
And gor'd his cow, the last and best;
By sickness he had lost the rest.

HODGE felt at heart resentment strong!
The heart will feel that suffers long!

A thought, that instant, took his head,
And thus, within himself, he said;

' If HODGE, for *once*, don't *fling* the 'Squire,
' The village post him for a liar!'—

He said!—across his shoulder throws
His *fork*, and to his *landlord's* goes.

' I come, an please ye! to unfold
' What soon, or late, you *must* be told!

' My bull, (a creature tame 'till now!)
' My bull has gor'd your *worship's* cow!

' 'Tis known what shifts I make to live!
' Perhaps your *honour* may forgive!

" Forgive!" the 'Squire reply'd! and swore!
" Pray cant to me, *forgive*, no more.

" The Law my damage shall decide!
" And know that I'll be satisfy'd!"—

—' Think! fir! I'm poor! poor as a rat!'—
—" Think! I'm a Justice! think of that!"

HODGE bow'd again, and scratch'd his head,
And, recollecting, archly said,

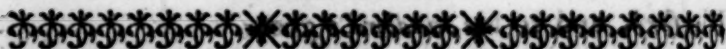
' Sir! I'm so struck, when here before ye!
' I fear, I've blunder'd in the story!—

' Fore *George*! but I'll not blunder now!
' *Your's* was the bull, fir! mine the cow!—

His *worship* found his rage subside,
 And, with calm accent, thus reply'd ;
 " I'll think upon your case to night ;
 " But, I perceive, 'tis alter'd quite !—
 HODGE shrugg'd, and made another bow,
 ' And please you ! who's the Justice now ?'

M O R A L.

On the *same* case what diff'rent lights are thrown,
 When thought *another's*, and when thought *our own* !
 The *rich* still born, the needy to enslave !—
 This *case* will *alter* too beyond the grave !



POVERTY REWARDED:

O R,

THE CASE RE-ALTERED.

WITH temper that made CATO great,
 HODGE bore, nor murmur'd at his fate !
 Oft, as at work, and oft in bed,
 These were the thoughts that rack'd his head :
 ' My *landlord's* fortune how immense !
 ' His *thousands* more than HODGE's *pence* !
 ' Nor sorrow his, nor cause for sorrow !
 ' He lives to-day, nor dreads to-morrow !
 ' Some are to sink ! and some to thrive !
 ' Sure he's the happiest man alive !
 But what friend HODGE affirms, we doubt ;
 Is bliss consistent with the gout ?

The

The Justice, tippling with the Vicar,
 Is ev'ry night disguis'd in liquor!
 If sober, not the gout so bad,
 For then he *thinks!* and then is mad!
 His thoughts, when cool, shall HODGE be told?
 'Twill make him spurn that trifle, gold!
 " This wealth, for which the world cares,
 " How vain, how impotent to bless!
 " Without the pow'r to sleep, or eat,
 " I'm *Justice*, *Squire*, and *wretch* complete!
 " This foot's intolerable pain
 " Has try'd a thousand drugs in vain!
 " And what prescription can appease
 " This mind's incurable disease?
 " There's HODGE!—and yet he envies me!
 " O! to be half so blest as he!—
 But scenes are shifting; fever ends
 An Uncle's life; a farm descends
 To HODGE; and now he ploughs no more
 The land his worship leas'd before;
 No crop destroy'd, no rent to pay,
 He lays up substance every day!
 The *Justice*, on his prancing mare,
 Attempts a gate, she throws him there!
 There, at the gate the bull came thro',
 When HODGE's cow he gor'd, and slew!
 From whence the whisp'ring neighbours know
 What caus'd this fatal *overthrow!*
 The rosy Vicar next came by,
 And found him with a broken thigh!—
 'Tis set! in vain!—it mortifies!—
 The *Squire* before to-morrow dies.

His daughter's call'd—an only child i
 A girl of parts, or had been spoil'd !
 “ Daughter ! I'm going !—don't repine !
 “ But lead a better life than mine !—
 “ Of all my crimes, none sting me more
 “ Than injuries I've done the poor !—
 “ O ! promise me before these friends,
 “ To make that *injur'd* HODGE amends !—
 At more, with fault'ring tongue, he try'd,—
 But fetch'd a dreadful groan, and dy'd !—
 His corps, when decently interr'd,
 The dying charge to'r mind recurr'd :
 “ Yes ! I'll fulfil this last request !
 “ (Quoth PATSEY) but what method best ?
 “ Suppose, (her heart began to say)
 “ Suppose 'twere done the nuptial way ?—
 “ No doubt but I might flaunt for life,
 “ A glitt'ring, and a wretched wife.
 “ Tho' HODGE has little, I have store,
 “ What mod'rate pair wou'd wish for more ?
 “ By bearing well his adverse fate,
 “ His merit claims a happier state !
 “ An honest heart in nature's vest,
 “ Will make a rural virgin blest !
 “ And HODGE is young, and tall, and strait,
 “ Of gentle blood, tho' small estate.
 “ His Father lost, with just applause,
 “ His fortune in his Country's cause !
 She said, and for the farmer sent,
 And gave such hints of what she meant,
 That ev'ry Eve for half a year,
 He came with neither shame nor fear !—

He came ! but seldom went away
 'Till midnight, or the dawn of day !—
 The morn' was fix'd ;—the knot was ty'd ;—
 HODGE to the *mansion* leads his bride ;
 Succeeds the 'Squire in lands, and store ;—
 And cloaths, and feeds, the neigh'bring poor ;
 And 'tis the universal cry,
Earth hold ! and want him long the sky !

M O R A L.

If blifs for blifs still pass'd, and woe for woe,
 The lot of most were equal, *e'en below !*
 Which state the best, e'en reason springs a doubt,
 The rich with anguish, or the poor without ?
 Or if a-while *apparent* wrongs obtain,
 The virtuous mourners, and o'erjoy'd the vain,
 Oft ev'n on earth, the shifted scenes we view,
Vice meets its own, and *worth* enjoys its due.



T H E
 P O W E R of INNOCENCE.
 A T A L E.

A Northern pair, we'll wave the name,
 Rich, young, and not unknown to fame,
 When first the nuptial state they try'd,
 With Poets' gods in pleasure ty'd.
 New to the mighty charm, they feel
 A joy that all their looks reveal.

We love whate'er has pow'r to please,
 So Nature's antient law decrees ;
 And thus the pair, while each had pow'r
 To bless the fond, sequester'd hour,
 With mutual *love* enraptur'd glow,
 And *love* in kind complacence show.

But when *familiar* charms no more
 Inspire the bliss they gave before,
 Each less *delighting*, less was lov'd,
 Now this, now that was disapprov'd ;
 Some trifling *fault*, which *love* conceal'd,
Indifference ev'ry day reveal'd,
Complacence flies, *neglect* succeeds,
Neglect disdain and hatred breeds.
 The wish to *please* forsakes the breast,
 The wish to *rule* has each possess'd.
 Perpetual war, that wish to gain,
 They wage, alas ! but wage in vain.
 Now hopes of conquest swell the heart
 No more—at length content to part.

The rural seat, that Sylvan shade,
 Where first the nuptial vows were paid ;
 That seat attests the dire intent,
 And hears the parting settlement.
 This house, these fields, my Lady's own,
 Sir JOHN must ride to town alone.
 The chariot waits—they bid adieu ;
 But still the chariot waits in view.
 TOM tires with waiting long in doubt,
 And lights a pipe—and smokes it out—
 Mysterious ! wherefore this delay ?
 The sequel shall the cause display.

One lovely Girl the Lady bore,
 Dear pledge of joys she tastes no more;
 The father's, mother's darling, she
 Now lis'd and prattl'd at their knee.
 Sir JOHN, now rising to depart,
 Turn'd to the darling of his heart,
 And cry'd with ardour in his eye,
 "Come, BETSEY, bid mamma good-by'e."

The Lady, trembling, answer'd "No—"
 'Go kiss papa, my BETSEY, go.
 'Sir JOHN, the child shall live with me—'
 "The child herself shall chuse, said he."
 Poor BETSEY look'd at each by turns,
 And each the starting tear discerns.
 My Lady asks, with doubt and fear,
 'Will you not live with me, my dear?'
 Yes, half-resolv'd, reply'd the child,
 And, half-suppress'd her tears, she smil'd.
 "Come, BETSEY, cry'd Sir JOHN, you'll go,
 "And live with dear papa, I know."
 Yes, BETSEY cry'd—The Lady then
 Address'd the wond'ring child agen.
 'The time to live with both is o'er,
 'This day we part to meet no more:
 'Chuse then'—Here grief o'erflow'd her breast,
 And tears burst out, too long suppress'd.

The Child, who tears and chiding join'd,
 Suppos'd papa displeas'd, unkind;
 And try'd, with all her little skill,
 To sooth his oft relenting will.
 Do, cry'd the lisper, pappy, do
 Love dear mamma!—Mamma loves you!

Subdu'd the force of manly pride,
 No more his looks his heart bely'd ;
 The tender transport forc'd its way ;
 They both confess'd each other's sway ;
 And prompted by the social smart,
 Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart.
 Each clasp their BETSEY, o'er and o'er,
 And TOM drove empty from the door.
 Ye that have passions for a tear,
 Give Nature vent, and drop it here !



THE HERMIT.

A TALE.

FAR in a wild, unknown to publick view,
 From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew ;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the chrystial well.
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
 Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise,
 A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose ;
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of providence's sway :
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenour of his soul is lost :
 So when a smooth expanse receives impress
 Calm nature's image on its watry breast,
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow ;

But

But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles flow on ev'ry side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books, or swains report it right ;
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scollop in his hat before ;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His rayment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
 Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cry'd ;
 And hail, my Son, the rev'rend Sire reply'd :
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;
 Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
 While in their age they differ, join in heart :
 Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
 Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day
 Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray :
 Nature in silence bid the world repose :
 When near the road a stately palace rose :
 There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
 Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.

It

It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
 Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
 Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
 Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
 The pair arrive: the liv'ry servants wait;
 Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
 The table groans with costly piles of food,
 And all is more than hospitably good.
 Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
 Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
 Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play;
 Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
 And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
 Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
 An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
 Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
 Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
 Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
 And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
 His *cup* was vanish'd; for in secret guise
 The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
 Glitt'ning and basking in the summer ray,
 Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
 Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
 So seem'd the fire, when far upon the road,
 The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.
 He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
 And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
 Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
 That gen'rous Actions meet a base reward.

While

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
 The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
 A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
 And beast to covert scud a-cross the plain.
 Warm'd by the signs the wand'ring pair retreat,
 To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.

'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around:
 Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
 The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
 Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
 ('Twas then, his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls:
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
 And why shou'd such (within himself he cry'd)
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
 In ev'ry settling feature of his face!

When

When from his vest the young companion bore
That *cup*, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And glittering as they tremble, cheer the day ;
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom
wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought ;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :
Detesting that, and pitying as he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky ;
Again the wand'ers want a place to lye,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.

He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue 'till the time of bed;
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world renew'd by calm repose
 Was strong for toil, the dapple morn arose;
 Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept
 Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
 And with'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
 O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
 Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
 How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
 Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
 A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
 Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer Man:
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;

Fair

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
 Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do:
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
 (The voice of musick ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
 These charms, success in our bright region find,
 And force an Angel down, to calm thy mind:
 For this commission'd, I forsook the sky;
 Nay, cease to kneel—Thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
 In this the right of providence is laid;
 Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
 On using second means to work his ends:
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
 Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprize,
 Than those which lately strook thy wond'ring eyes?
 Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!

The

The *great, vain man*, who far'd on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
 Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
 And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 Has, with the *cup*, the graceless custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious *wretch*, whose bolted door
 Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor ;
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
 That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
 Thus artists melt the sullen oar of lead,
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
 And loose from dross the silver runs below.

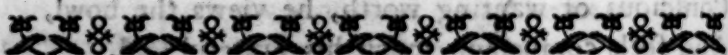
Long had our *pious friend* in virtue trod,
 But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God ;
 (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
 And measur'd back his steps to earth again :
 To what excesses had his dotage run ?
 But God, to save the father, took the son.
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)
 The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
 Had that false *servant* sped in safety back ?
 This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
 And what a fund of charity would fail !

Thus heav'n instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On

On founding pinions here the youth withdrew,
 The sage stood wond'ring as the *Seraph* flew.
 Thus look'd ELISHA, when to mount on high
 His master took the chariot of the sky;
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view,
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
 The bending Hermit here a pray'r began,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
 Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.



THE
 MILLER of TROMPINGTON;
 OR, THE
 REVE'S TALE from CHAUCER.

AT Trompington, not far from Cambridge, stood
 A-croſs a pleasant ſtream, a bridge of wood,
 Near it a *mill*, in low and plaſhy ground,
 Where corn for all the neighb'ring parts was grown'd.
 The ſturdy miller, with his powder'd locks,
 Proud as a peacock, ſubtle as a fox,
 Could pipe, and fiſh, and wreſtle, throw a neat,
 Turn drinking cups, and teach young dogs to ſet.
 Brawny, big-bon'd, ſtrong made was every limb,
 But few durſt venture to contend with him.
 A dagger hanging at his belt he had,
 Made of an ancient ſword's well temper'd blade.

He

He wore a Sheffield whittle in his hose ;
 Broad was his face, and very flat his nose ;
 Bald as an ape behind was this man's crown,
 No one could better beat a market down.
 But millers will be thieves ; he us'd to steal
 Silly, and artfully, much corn and meal.

This miller's wife came of a better race,
 The parson's daughter of the town she was.
 Her portion small, her education high,
 She had her breeding in a *nunnery*.
 Whoe'er he marry'd (SIMKIN boldly said)
 Should be a maid, well-born, and nicely bred.
 You'd laugh to see him in his best array,
 Strutting before her on a holy day.
 If any boldly durst accost his wife,
 He drew his dagger, or his Sheffield knife.
 'Tis dang'rous to provoke a jealous fool ;
 She manag'd cunningly her stubborn tool.
 To all beneath her insolently high,
 Walk'd like a duck, and chatter'd like a pye :
 Proud of her breeding, froward, full of scorn,
 As if she were of noble parents born.
 With other virtues of the same degree,
 All learn'd in that choice school, the *nunnery*.

Their daughter was just twenty, coarse and bold :
 A boy too in a cradle, six months old.
 Thiock, short, and brawny this plump damsel was ;
 Her nose was flat, her eyes were gray as glass.
 Her haunches broad, with breasts up to her chin,
 Fair was her hair, but tawny was her skin.

A mighty trade this lusty miller drove,
 All for convenience came, not one for love.

Much grist from Cambridge to his lot did fall,
 And all the corn they us'd at Scholars-hall.
 Their *manciple* fell dangerously ill ;
 Bread must be had, their grist went to the mill.
 This SIMKIN moderately stole before,
 Their steward sick, he robb'd them ten times more.
 Their bread fell short ; the warden storm'd ; with skill
 Examin'd those who brought it from the mill.
 The miller to a strict account they call,
 He impudently swears he gave 'em all.

Two poor young scholars, hungry, much distress'd,
 (Who thought themselves more wise than all the rest)
 Intreat the *warden* the next corn he sent
 To trust it to their prudent management :
 Both would attend him with such care and art,
 Defy him then to steal the smallest part.

At last the *warden* grants what they desire,
 All is got ready as these two require.
 Bold men, tho' disappointed, ne'er are sham'd ;
 One was call'd ALLEN, t'other JOHN was nam'd :
 Both northern men, both in one town were born ;
 They mount, and lead the horse that bears the corn.
 Be careful, ALLEN cries, and do not stray :
 Fear nothing, he replies, I know the way.
 Thus they jog on, and on the road contrive
 To catch the thief, 'till at the mill they 'rive.

Ho SIM, says JOHN, what ho, the miller there ?
 Who calls, cries SIMKIN, tell me who you are ?
 How fares your comely daughter and your wife ?
 What, JOHN and ALLEN ? welcome by my life !
 The miller said, what wind has brought you hither ?
 That which makes old wives trudge, brought us
 together.

Who

Who keeps no man, must his own servant be,
 Our *manciple* is very sick, and we
 Are with the corn from our good *warden* come,
 To see it grown'd, and bring it safely home :
 Dispatch it, SIM, with all the haste you may.
 It shall be done (he says) without delay.

What will you do while I have this in hand ?
 Says JOHN, just at the hopper will I stand,
 (In my whole life I never saw grist grown'd)
 And mark the clack how justly it will sound.

A ha, chum JOHN, cries ALLEN, will you so ?
 Then will I watch how it steals out below.

SIM, at their plot, maliciously did smile ;
 None could, they thought, such learned clerks beguile.
 He meant to cast a mist before their eye,
 (In spite of all their fine philosophy)
 Neither should find where he convey'd the meal ;
 The narrower they watch'd, the more he'd steal.
 These scholars for their flower shall have the bran ;
 The learned'st clerk is not the wisest man :
 Then out he steals, and finds, where, by the head,
 Their horse hung fasten'd underneath a shed ;
 He slips the bridle o'er his neck ; the steed
 Makes to the fenns, where mares and fillies feed.
 Unmiss'd comes SIM, finds JOHN fix'd at his post,
 And ALLEN diligent, no meal was lost :
 Now do me justice, friends, he says, you can
 Convince your *warden* I'm an honest man.
 Now the great work is done, their corn is grown'd,
 The grist is sack'd, and ev'ry sack well bound :
 JOHN runs to fetch the horse ; aloud he cries,
 Come hither ALLEN ; ALLEN to him flies.

O friend, we are undone—What mean you, JOHN?
 Look, there's the *bridle*, but our horse is gone!
 Gone! whither? says he — Nay heav'n knows,
 not I —

Out bolts SIM's wife, and (with a ready lie)
 She cries, I saw him toss his head and play,
 Then slip the loosen'd reins, and trot away.
 Which way? they both demand — With wanton
 bounds,

I saw him scamp'ring tow'rd yon fenny grounds:
 Wild mares and colts in those low marshes feed.
 Away the scholars run with utmost speed,
 Forget their former cautious husbandry;
 Their sack does at the miller's mercy lie.
 He half a bushel of their flour does take,
 Then bids his wife secure it in a cake.
 I'll send these empty boys again to school,
 To plot and study who's the greater fool:
 Look where the learned blockheads make their way,
 Let us be merry, while those children play.
 These silly scholars ran from place to place,
 Now here, now there, unequal was the chace.
 They call him by his name, whistle and cry
 Ho *Ball*! but *Ball* is pleas'd with liberty.
 At night into a narrow place they brought him,
 Drove him into a ditch, and there they caught him
 Weary and wet, as cattle in the rain,
 ALLEN, and simple JOHN, come back again.
 Alas, cries JOHN, wou'd I had ne'er been born!
 When we return we shall be laught to scorn.
 Call'd by the *fellows*, and our *warden*, fools:
 Our grill is stol'n, and we the miller's tools.

Thus

Thus JOHN complains ; ALLEN without remorse
 Goes to the barn, and in he turns the horse.
 Both cold and hungry, wet and dawb'd with mire ;
 They find the miller sitting at his fire.
 We can't return, they say, before 'tis light ;
 So beg for lodging in your mill to-night.

SIMKIN replies, Welcome with all my heart,
 I'll find you out the most convenient part.
 My house is straight, but you are learned men ;
 You can by dint of argument maintain,
 That twenty yards, a mile in breadth comprize :
 Now shew your art, and make a miller wise.
 You're merry friend ; but wet and clammy earth,
 Hunger and cold provokes few men to mirth.
 A man complies with necessary things,
 Content with what he finds, or what he brings.
 'Tis meat and drink we earnestly desire ;
 To warm and dry us with a better fire.
 Look, we have coin to pay what you demand !
 We ne'er catch falcons with an empty hand.

SIM sends his daughter to a neigh'ring house
 For good strong ale, and roasts a well-fed goose.
 Tho' homely was this room, it was not small ;
 They had no other, it must serve them all.
 The daughter makes for these two youths a bed,
 Lays on clean sheets, with blankets fairly spread.
 Twelve foot beyond, in the remotest place,
 There stood another for their daughter GRACE.
 The supper does with sprightly mirth abound,
 Each has his jest, the nappy ale goes round.
 Nor the squab daughter, nor the wife were nice,
 Each health the youths began, SIM pledg'd it twice.

The heady liquor stupifies their care,
 But midnight past, they all to rest repair.
 The miller yawn'd, his eyes began to close;
 The wife got SIM to bed, he had his dose.
 She follow'd him; but she was gay and light,
 Her whistle had been wetted too that night:
 She plac'd the child in cradle by her side,
 To give it suck, or rock it if it cry'd.
 The daughter too, when once the ale was gone,
 Retir'd to bed; so ALLEN did, and JOHN.
 Sleep on the most did instantly prevail;
 The miller's lusty dose of potent ale
 Made him like any stone-horse snort and snore,
 The treble was behind, the base before:
 The wife's horse-tenor vacant parts did fill,
 The daughter bore her part with wond'rous skill,
 They might be hear'd a furlong from the mill.

When this melodious consort first began,
 Young ALLEN tumbling, pushes his friend JOHN.
 It is impossible to sleep, he says,
 I'll up and dance, while this choice musick plays.
 He cries, What means my brother?—ALLEN said,
 I mean to steal into the daughter's bed.
 'Tis said, the man who in one point is griev'd,
 Ought in another point to be reliev'd.
 Our corn is stol'n, and we like fools are caught,
 The daughter shall repay the father's fault—
 O ALLEN, he replies, think while you can,
 'Fore heav'n the miller is a dangerous man!
 Should he discover you, I would be loath
 The thief should wreak his vengeance on us both.

I fear

I fear him not, says ALLEN, I am young;
 Tho' he's well-set, my sinews are as strong.
 Then up he gets; *now friend good luck* (he said)
 The daughter's trumpet led him to her bed.
 Half stupify'd with ale, she sprawling lay;
 He softly creeping in, soon hit his way;
 Soon put all knotty questions out of doubt,
 Stopping her mouth prevented crying out.
 JOHN grumbling lay, while ALLEN's place was void,
 Am I then idle, while my friend's employ'd?
 He can revenge himself for all his harms,
 He has the miller's daughter in his arms,
 While I lie spiritless, benumb'd and cold;
 I shall be jeer'd to death, when this is told——
 They nothing can perform, who ne'er begin;
 Faint heart, they say, did ne'er fair lady win.

Then up he rose, and softly groaping round,
 He found the cradle standing on the ground,
 Close by the miller's bed; this unespied
 He took, and set it by his own bed-side.
 The miller's wife had no more grists to grind,
 (Some mills by water move, and some by wind)
 The proper utensil not plac'd at hand,
 She rose, by pure necessity constrain'd.
 That grand affair dispatch'd, and feeling round
 Her husband's bed, no cradle could be found.
 Where am I? *Benedicite*, she said!
 This is undoubtedly the scholars bed.
 Then turning t'other way, her hand did light
 Full on the cradle——Now, she cry'd, I'm right.
 Lifting the cloaths, into the bed she leapt,
 And close to JOHN full harmlessly she crept:

In a short time he takes her in his arms,
 And kindly treats her with unusual charms.
 She thought (strange fancies working in her mind)
 Some *Saint* had made her husband over-kind.
 Propitious stars this fortune did bestow
 On both, 'till the third cock began to crow.

Now ALLEN fancy'd light would soon appear,
 He kiss'd the wench, and said, My GRACE, my dear;
 Thou kindest of thy sex, the day comes on,
 And we must part—Alas, will you be gone,
 She said, and leave poor harmless me alone?—
 If I stay longer, we are both undone;
 For should your father wake, and find me here,
 What will become of me, and you, my dear?
 That dreadful thought (she cries) distracts my heart,
 Too soon you won me, and too soon we part.
 Then clinging round his neck, with weeping eyes,
 She says, Remember me!—ALLEN replies,
 I'll quickly find occasion to return;
 You shall not long for ALLEN's absence mourn.
 Farewel, she cries! But, dearest, one word more;
 You'll find upon a sack behind the door
 A cake, and under it a bag of meal:
 The flour my father and myself did steal
 Out of your sack; but take it, 'tis your own;
 Be careful, love,—not a word more, be gone.

Now ALLEN softly feeling for his bed,
 By chance his hand laid on the cradle head;
 And shrinking from it, said (with no small fear)
 That rogue the miller and his wife lie there.
 Turning, he finds SIM's palate, in he crept;
 I'm right, he says, dull JOHN all night has slept.

Then

Then shaking him—Wake swineherd, ALLEN cries,
I've joyful news—What? grumbling SIM replies.

I am the luckiest rogue—by this *no light*,
I have had full employment all the night :

The daughter kindly paid her father's score,
All night I have embrac'd her—O the whore?

O thou false traitor, clerk! thou hast defil'd

Our honest family, deflower'd our child!

Thy life shall answer it;—with that he caught

At ALLEN's throat : young ALLEN stoutly fought.

Both give and take, returning blows with blows ;

But ALLEN struck the miller on the nose

With all his force ; out flies the streaming gore,

And down it runs : they tumble on the floor ;

Then up they get, lab'ring with equal strife :

SIM stumbled backward quite a-crofs his wife.

She fast a-sleep, none of this scuffle heard,

Wak'd by his fall, and heartily afraid ;

Help *holy cross* of Broholme ! (O I faint)

Help my *good angel* ! help my *patron saint* !

The *fiend* lies on me like a load of lead !

Remove this devil, this night mare, or I'm dead !

Then up starts JOHN, and turns 'em from the wife,

Hunts for a cudgel to conclude the strife.

Up gets the miller, ALLEN grasps him close,

Both play at hard-head, struggling to get loose.

Out steps the wife, well knowing where there stood,

In a bye-corner, a tough piece of wood ;

On this she seiz'd, and by a glimm'ring light

Which enter'd at a chink saw something white :

But, by a foul mistake, 'twas her ill hap

To take his bald pate for the scholar's cap.

She

She lifts the staff, it fell on his bare crown,
 Strong was the blow, she knock'd her husband down.
 O I am slain, the miller loudly cry'd,
 Live to be hang'd, thou thief, ALLEN reply'd.
 Away they go, first take their meal and cake,
 Then lay the grist upon their horse's back.
 To Scholars-hall they march, for now 'twas light,
 Pleas'd with the strange adventures of the night.

The wife the scholars curses, binds his head,
 Then lifts him up, and lays him on the bed.
 O wife, says SIM, our daughter is defil'd,
 That villain ALLEN has debauch'd our child.
 Mistaken me for JOHN, he told me all;
 Ten thousand furies plague that Scholars-hall!
 O false abusive knave! (the wife reply'd)
 In ev'ry word the villain spake he ly'd.
 I wak'd, and hear'd our harmless child complain,
 And rose to know the cause, and ease her pain.
 I found her torn with gripes, a dram I brought,
 And made her take a comfortable draught.
 Then lay down by her, chaff'd her swelling breast,
 And lull'd her in these very arms to rest.
 All was contrivance, malice all and spight,
 I have not parted from her all this night.
Then is she innocent? Ay, by my life,
 As pure and spotless—as thy bosom wife.
I'm satisfy'd, says SIM. O that damn'd Hall!
 I'll do the best I can to starve them all.

And thus the miller of his fear is eas'd,
 The mother and the daughter both well-pleas'd.

THE



T H E
COUNTRYMAN and his ASS.

A T A L E.

AN Ass once left his master's home,
(For asses ever lov'd to roam).

Vex'd at his loss, the rustic hy'd

T' a neighb'ring town, to have him cry'd ;

'Tis done ! but ah ! the hire and pains

Were vain, unfound the Ass remains :

Next market-day he try'd once more,

But lost his labour as before ;

As twice successless he'd essay'd,

The clown began to be dismay'd ;

But as rewards oft-times prevail,

When other means are known to fail,

Whoe'er shall bring him to the cry'r,

A pig should pay their pains the hire :

The cry'r, a well-known, waggish blade,

That long was hackney'd in the trade,

With a loud voice bawl'd out, ' Whoe'er

' Will come, and solemnly declare,

' He never was in all his life

' In love, with widow, maid, or wife,

' On such confession instantly,

' A fat pig his reward shall be.'

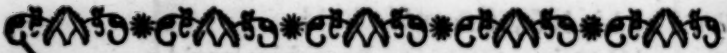
A looby clown, who list'ning near,

Stood 'midst the jostling crowd to hear,

With

With nolsy zeal put in his claim,
 And vow'd, ' He ne'er lov'd any dame.'
 The *cryer* quickly seiz'd the lout,
 And hawling him along by's snout,
 Soon as he found his country friend,
 Quoth he, ' Our search is at an end ;
 ' Here is the long-lost *Ass* of thine,
 ' Pray bang him well—the pig is mine.'

BRITANIC.



CARE and GENEROSITY.

A F A B L E.

OLD *Care*, with industry and art,
 At length so well had play'd his part,
 He heap'd up such an ample store,
 That av'rice could not sigh for more :
 Ten thousand flocks his shepherd told,
 His coffers overflow'd with gold ;
 The land all round him was his own,
 With corn his crouded gran'ries groan.
 In short, so vast his charge and gain,
 That to possess them was a pain ;
 With happiness oppress'd he lies,
 And much too prudent to be wise.

Near him there liv'd a beauteous maid,
 With all the charms of youth array'd ;
 Good, am'able, sincere, and free,
 Her name was *Generosity*.

'Twas

'Twas her's the largesse to bestow
 On rich and poor, on friend and foe;
 Her doors to all were open'd wide,
 The pilgrim there might safe abide:
 For th' hungry and the thirsty crew,
 The bread she broke, the drink she drew;
 There *sickness* laid her aching head,
 And there *distress* cou'd find a bed.—
 Each hour, with an all-bounteous hand,
 Diffus'd she blessings round the land;
 Her gifts and glory lasted long,
 And num'rous was th' accepting throng.
 At length pale *penury* seiz'd the dame,
 And fortune fled, and ruin came;
 She found her riches at an end,
 And that she had not made one friend.—
 All blam'd her for not giving more,
 Nor thought on what she'd done before.
 She wept, she rav'd, she tore her hair,
 When lo! to comfort her, came *Care*,—
 And cry'd, ' My dear, if you will join
 ' Your hand in nuptial bonds with mine,
 ' All will be well—you shall have store,
 ' And I be plagu'd with wealth no more.—
 ' Tho' I restrain your bounteous heart,
 ' You still shall act the gen'rous part'.—
 The bridal came—great was the feast,
 And good the pudding, and the priest:
 The bride in nine months brought him forth
 A little maid, of matchless worth:
 Her face was mix'd of care and glee,
 They christen'd her *Oeconomy*,

And

And stil'd her fair *discretion's* queen,
 The mistress of the golden mean.
 Now *Generosity*, confin'd,
 Is perfect easy in her mind ;
 She loves to give, yet knows to spare,
 Nor wishes to be free from *Care*.



THE MASTIFF,

A TALE.

YOUR deep observers of mankind,
 Assure us constantly they find
 A strong propensity of nature,
 Rooted in every human creature,
 To do what otherwise they would not,
 When once forbid, because they should not.
 This inclination, so perverse,
 Is laid by *PARTRIDGE* on the the stars.
 Your rakes, with floods of elocution,
 Charge it on chance, or constitution :
 And out-of-fashion folks believe
 It sprung from *ADAM* and from *EVE*.
 But tho' your wits dispute about it,
 The fact itself was never doubted.
 This truth t'illustrate, I have chosen
 One common story from a thousand.
 Let criticks at the fable quarrel,
 There's no exception to the moral.
 In days of yore (no need to show
 How many hundred years ago)

A pair

A pair there flourish'd, free from strife,
 Who liv'd, indeed, like man and wife:
 Her temper mild and sweet, abhor'd
 To scold and wrangle at her board;
 When in a fault her spouse she found,
 She rarely, very rarely, frown'd.

In short, she gave him not occasion
 For half the trouble and vexation,
 Which many a hen-peck'd-keeping varlet
 Endures most meekly from his harlot.

Next door a captain chanc'd to shine,
 Whose cloaths and equipage were fine;
 A young and well-accomplish'd heir,
 Of gentle blood, and fortune fair;
 For ever at the ladies call,
 To deal the cards, or lead the ball;
 To 'quire them to the church or play,
 And sense or nonsense sing or say.
 This youth sometimes occasion'd pain
 In our too happy husband's brain;
 Yet of himself asham'd, with care
 He kept his dreams from taking air,
 Else every gossip in the town
 Had rose in arms, and fac'd him down,
 She never knew, in all her life,
 A dame more virtuous than his wife.

Before the wight was wholly freed
 From these disorders in his head,
 Such business call'd him from his house
 As scarce gave time to tell his spouse;
 He would have instantly been gone,
 As being old enough, alone,

But

But she, good woman ! durst not send him
 Without a servant to attend him :
 She kindly begs him not to stay,
 When business was dispatch'd, a day.
 He promises, when in his pow'r,
 He would not absent be an hour.

Soon as conveniently they can,
 Up mounts the master and the man ;
 When once set out, they travell'd fast ;
 Yet e'er they half a mile had past,
 His jealousy began to rise,
 Thought he, as 'being deadly wise,
 This captain now, behind my back,
 Addresses to my wife will make :
 'Tis true, I shan't continue long,
 But she is fair, and he is young ;
 And if it once be done, 'tis plain
 It ne'er can be undone again.
 I own I never yet could find
 Her heart to gallantry inclin'd ;
 But then in such a case, a man
 Can hardly be too careful—JOHN,
 Go, bid your mistress keep at home,
 Nor see the *raptain* 'till I come.
 JOHN gallops back, but on his way,
 Thus, with himself, began to say ;
 And pray, where is it I am going ?
 And, what fool's errand am I doing ?
 To make my mistress, for her life,
 A faithless, or a scolding wife ?
 At best she'll wonder what he ails,
 And fancy I've been telling tales ;

Tho'

Tho' she is yet, I dare be sworn,
 As blameless as the babe unborn ;
 Perhaps to be forbid may tempt one,
 To with for what one ne'er had dreamt on.
 I'll carry no such message home,
 To cause my master's cuckoldom.
 Thus fearful of foreseen disaster,
 And much discreeter than his master,
 Resolv'd full sagely, back he came,
 And frighted heartily the dame,
 Who thought her lord had come to harm,
 And broke at least a leg or arm ;
 For JOHN made twenty hum's and ha's,
 When question'd what the matter was.
 He was not like your servants now,
 But of invention dull and slow ;
 He would not hammer out a lie :
 The lady stood impatient by ;
 What ails your master ? Tell me quick.
 He begs you would not—Can't you speak ?
 Not ride the *Mastiff* till you see him ;
 What ! does the fellow rave or dream ?
 You are not sure 'twas all he said ?
 Yes, indeed, madam—Is he mad ?
 Not ride the *Mastiff* ! What a whim !
 Who ever thought of riding him ?
 Go back again from me, and pray
 Desire he'd let you with him stay,
 Or find some wiser message, JOHN,
 Hereafter to employ you on.

He went ; and mother nature now
 In madam's breast began to glow :

H

She

She mus'd ; but still the more she thought,
 The less she found the meaning out.
 Not ride the *Mastiff* ! Could it be
 Merely to try his sov'reignty,
 When from her very wedding-day,
 She ne'er was known to disobey ?
 There must be something in't to make
 Him send a servant posting back.
 She never hear'd of it before,
 Perhaps the maids might tell her more ;
 For maids, or those that bear the name,
 May sometimes teach a wedded dame.
 She thought the emptiest of the two
 Would sooner blab out all she knew ;
 But BETTY never *Toufer* rid,
 Nor heard of any one that did.
 Vex'd at her asking such a ninny,
 She sends her down to call up JENNY ;
 But slyer JANE could tell no more
 Than simpler BETTY did before ;
 But star'd with all the eyes she had,
 And thought her mistress drunk or mad,
 Who begg'd, and storm'd, and begg'd again,
 Yet prayers and threatnings were in vain :
 She might as easily have fought
 To sound the bottom of a plot ;
 Or, tho' a woman, ta'en occasion
 T' inquire the secret of *free-mason*,
 And how, as mystick lodge supposes,
 Duke WHARTON can succeed to MOSES,
 No diligence there wanting was,
 Yet so deplorable her case,

Through

Through servants obstinate denial,
 Nothing was left her but a trial.
 Who should the secret fact betray?
 One word herself she would not say;
 What no one saw who should reveal?
 For sure the *Mastiff* could not tell.
 Resolv'd at length, she calls him to her,
 And shutting carefully the door,
 She clasp'd his head, and strok'd his side;
 'Twas now no more than up and ride.
 Fast by his neck she held, and thus
 Mounted her strong *Bucephalus*;
 Nor found it difficult to get,
 Without a stirrup, to her seat.

Touser, unus'd to be bestrode,
 Groan'd sorely at the wicked load,
 And strove all ways to disencumber
 His burden'd shoulders of their lumber;
 Rear'd, and curvetted, and in fume
 Trotted and gallop'd round the room.
 But she, who now or never thought
 To find her husband's meaning out,
 Firm, though without a saddle, sat,
 And clung as closely as a cat.
 But fortune often spoils the course,
 Whether we ride on dog or horse;
 Under a table crept her steed,
 Threw her, and broke her addle head.

Enrag'd and surly, up she got,
 Rail'd at her husband for a sot.
 When he return'd, she kept her seat,
 Nor stirr'd to meet him at the gate.

Up stairs he went, and found her ill,
 Silent, the frown'd, and sullen still;
 But could not scolding long refrain,
 Or take it in poetick strain:
 At length the cloud that low'ring hung,
 Burst into thunder of her tongue;
 Like lightning's flash her eye appears,
 And rain fell plenteous in her tears.
 See—what you made your *Mastiff* do!
 Did ever any man but you——
 And on she went; but there's no need
 Of punctual telling all she said;
 An extract may suffice: the dame
 Full on her husband turn'd the blame.
 Stark staring mad, he, to forbid it!
 She, a poor innocent, that did it!
 The Man, who knew not what was done,
 Ran down amaz'd, and fell on JOHN.
 Sirrah! what makes your mistress rave?
 What was the message that you gave,
 To break my wife's head? JOHN reply'd,
 I bid her not the *Mastiff* ride.
 The master furious 'gan to look,
 JOHN begg'd one word before he struck:
 Sir, had I charg'd her in your name,
 To shun the *captain* 'till you came,
 Doubtless the case had been the same:
 Her forehead broke, your brow secures,
 Or else the knobs had been on your's.



T H E F O O L.

A T A L E.

IF you mind but the moral my tale does unfold,
 Tho' the story be antient, 'twill never be old.
 With the wise and the good, jest will do you no hurt,
 But the fool or the knave makes you pay for your sport.

In the merry brave days of the glorious Queen
 Bess,

When your men of much sense fear'd not those that
 had less;

'Twas the custom of courtiers to keep a poor fellow,
 Who should joke by commission in red, green, and
 yellow;

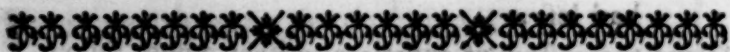
Who for one thing or other did most people fit,
 Some were pleas'd with the garb, and some laugh'd
 at the wit.

A noble puff'd up, with his pockets well stor'd,
 Not as a WALSINGHAM wife, but as fine as a lord,
 Made a visit, bedaub'd with embroidery all,
 Where the Fool was unluckily fate in the hall.
 Not the rainbow, when brightest, more gorgeous
 could show,

Nor a belle on a birth-night, nor bridegroom a beau.
 Welcome brother, cries *Motley*, I see by the hue
 Of your cloaths what you are; pray, sir, whose Fool
 are you?

To this answer'd my lord in a pestilent fume,
 See him punish'd before I stir out of the room;
 I wonder you'll keep these pied rascals, I hate 'em,
 'Tis mere *scandalum* this, I can tell you, *magnatum*:
 So the master his orders was fain to dispatch,
 The poor Knave should be whip'd at the buttery-
 hatch.

Execution was done, and he back was convey'd,
 On his knees to beg pardon for what he had said.
 So with shrugging his shoulders, and tears in his eyes,
 Straight down on his marrow-bones falling, he cries,
 I'll ne'er call you Fool more; but a *wiseman*, I know,
 Would have scarce had me whip'd for the calling
 him so!



THE BASKET.

A TALE.

✓ **T**HERE flourish'd in a market-town,
 To riches born, and riches grown,
 A pair, who, free from flagrant strife,
 Had reach'd the middle-age of life.
 The man was sprung of gentle kind,
 Not ill his person or his mind;
 Expert at fishing and at fowling,
 At hunting, racing, and at bowling;
 Nor would he to his betters yield,
 More in the house than in the field.
 In country dances he had skill,
 And play'd at whisk, tho' not quadrille:

He

He knew what 'squire might wish to know, sir,
 But then, hard fate! he was a Grocer,
 And, spite of all his wife could say,
 Would sometimes work, as well as play.

His wife was not unworthy praise;
 As women went in former days;
 Her beauty, envy must confess,
 Exact her breeding, and her dress;
 In her own family so good,
 The master manag'd as he would.
 When jars their union discompose,
 Her passion often inward glows;
 Her tongue in anger would she hold,
 And rarely condescend to scold:
 Her voice not shrill, but rather sweet,
 Her conduct virtuous and discreet:
 In short, all slander she defy'd,
 One only failing malice spy'd,
 One only fault,—but that was pride!
 Her lord's superior in degree,
 As sometimes better born than he:
 None equal to herself she view'd,
 Throughout the spacious neighbourhood.
 Th' attorney's wife the world allows,
 Brought a large fortune to her spouse;
 But then 'twas less, as she avers,
 By full five hundred pounds than her's.
 Her hands for sugars were too nice,
 She fainted at the stink of spice;
 And fain her husband would persuade
 To leave off such a dirty trade.

For country lasses, by the bye,
 Can sometimes bear their heads as high
 As loftiest matrons, who reside
 In stately mansions of Cheapside;
 Can be as proud of dow'r and birth
 As e'er a princess upon earth.

None with our Grocer could compare
 For trade, each market was a fair;
 From whence may gentle readers know,
 This thing was acted long ago.
 One day his business ran so high,
 His shop so throng'd with company,
 So quick his customers demands,
 He needed more than all his hands:
 Down comes his wife with careless air,
 But not to help him, never fear;
 Far be from her a thought so mean!
 She came to see, and to be seen;
 Nor e'er intended to do good,
 But stand i' th' way of them that would.
 That instant in a servant comes
 Post-haste, for spices and for plumbs,
 Who home had many a mile to go;
 The Grocer peevish 'gan to grow,
 To see his dearest loiter so.
 Howe'er he mild accosts her,—Pray,
 Or give your help, or go your way.
 In vain he touch'd her on that ear,
 She did not, or she would not hear.
 You see the footman cannot stay,
 Pray lend your hand the things to weigh;

Why

Why otherwise did you come down?
 She answer'd only with a frown;
 But such a frown as seem'd t' express
 Her dow'r, her beauty, and her dress.
 Well! since you would not way the ware,
 Pray put it in the basket there.
 She turn'd her back without rejoinder;
 And left her spouse to fume behind her.
 Hold, hold! the things are now put in it,
 I hope you'll do so much as pin it.
 When a fourth time her husband spoke,
 The dame her sullen silence broke,
 With very short, but full reply;
 I pin your basket! No, not I!
 Enrag'd he snatch'd the footman's stick,
 And laid it on her shoulders quick.
 Amaz'd, as never struck before,
 And feeling much, and fearing more,
 To hinder what might farther come on't,
 She pin'd the basket in a moment.

The man troop'd off in merry mood,
 And laugh'd and tee-hee'd as he rode;
 Pleas'd with the delicate conceit
 To see so fine a lady beat:
 He wish'd the deed at home were done,
 And could not help comparifon;
 For his own mistress was as fine
 As her that suffer'd discipline;
 As proud, as high-born, and as rich,
 But not so continent of speech.

At dinner-time, the waggish knave
 By turns was fleering, and was grave;

Now

Now bites his lips, and quickly after
 Bursts out unwilling into laughter.
 Quoth madam, with majestick look,
 (Who servants freedom could not brook,
 Nor laughter in her presence bear)
 What ails the faucy fellow there?
 Does not the fool his distance know?
 What makes the coxcomb giggle so?
 But angry words and looks were vain,
 Again he giggles, and again.
 Nay, says his master, Tom, at least,
 If you must laugh so, tell the jest;
 That, if 'tis worth our joining, we
 In mirth may bear you company.
 Tom up and told the story roundly,
 How a fair dame was cudgell'd soundly,
 Scarce madam hear'd the whole narration,
 Before she fell in monitrous passion:
 Was ever any thing so base?
 At noon-day! in the market-place!
 A woman so well-bred as she!
 Her fortune! and her family!
 The husband fain, with sober sense,
 Would curb her tide of eloquence:
 But your true vixen will, for no man,
 Forbear defending of a woman;
 And, let the cause be bad or good,
 Fights tooth and nail for sisterhood.
 Her visits are among the best!
 No lady e'er was better drest!
 And was it proper, pray, that she
 Should touch his nasty grocery?

Not

Not pin the basket ! Beat her for it !
 I did not think she would have bore it !
 How could she help it, pray, my dear ?
 What ! do you too the rascal clear ?
 A paltry rogue ! a woman strike !
 I think you men are all alike.

TOM now grew merrier, not sadder,
 Which made his mistress ten times madder ;
 Who started up in fury strait,
 And vow'd to break the rascal's pate.
 Her husband rises to assuage
 Th' o'erbearing tempest of her rage,
 But happen'd not her hand to mind,
 And caught the rap for TOM design'd ;
 Who, not approving of the jest,
 Return'd it soon with interest.
 TOM saw, in cases of that nature,
 'Twas dangerous to be mediator ;
 So ran down stairs, as was but fitting,
 And left his mistress to her beating.

Below-stairs was a kitchen-maid,
 To whom our TOM had courtship paid ;
 Tho' strong of limbs, of courage stout,
 She argued oft'ner than she fought ;
 As cool as heart could well desire,
 For one so conversant in fire.
 Says MOLL, above-stairs what's the matter ?
 I never hear'd so loud a clatter.
 For fear of spoiling his amour, he
 Was backward to relate the story,
 Suspecting much, tho' sweet-hearts, whether
 By the ears they might not fall together.

I should

I should be sorry, MOLL, to see
 A diff'rence rise 'twixt you and me ;
 'Tis but a trifle, let it go ;
 What signifies for you to know ?
 Nay, then I must—so out it came,
 And put her womanhood in flame :
 She her resentment could not stifle,
 A trifle said you, TOM ? a trifle !
 I think my mistress in the right,
 With women none but cowards fight :
 A gentlewoman so to maul !
 A brutish fellow after all.
 Quoth TOM, a fore affront was done him,
 By turning her backside upon him.
 MOLL thought she safely might be smart,
 With privilege of a sweet-heart ;
 Do you excuse him ? very fine !
 I'd make him kiss it, were it mine !
 TOM might have let the matter die,
 By this time, in civility ;
 For if both sides disdain to bend,
 How should a quarrel have an end ?
 But things, alas ! too far were gone,
 And one word drew another on,
 Apace their passion higher rose,
 From words they quickly fell to blows ;
 Honour concern'd, they both would try for't,
 And both are daring, tho' they die for't.
 The strokes so lustily were laid,
 The lover and his dear cook-maid,
 Spite of the mutual love they boasted,
 Were both confoundedly rib-roasted ;

They

They box'd like any man and wife :
 So quick the progress is of strife,
 It matters not how small the grain,
 If but continual be the train ;
 Sufficient the first spark is found, -
 Fire sudden skims along the ground,
 And flashes lightning all around. }

The fact thus plainly laid before ye,
 What is the purport of the story ?
 A double moral may become it,
 And justly each may follow from it :
 From hence may fools the danger learn
 Of meddling where they have no concern ;
 And males and females may beware
 Not to adopt another's jar :
 And those, who will, with half an eye
 The main instruction may descry ;
 If you're too weak to win the field,
 'Tis best without a combat yield :
 Whene'er your husbands please to ask it,
 Run ! fly ! ye wives, and pin the basket.





THE
H Y P - D O C T O R ;
O R, THE
CHAMBER-MAID DISCARDED.

A T A L E.

MAGGOT pretends to some discerning
In *physick* 'mongst his other learning ;
His health employs his daily care ;
He purges now, now takes the air.
With all his various arts and skill,
Th' unhappy man succeeds but ill ;
His constitution most perverse,
Each day by regimen grows worse.
The *jordan* now is set aside,
And every day his *water* try'd :
By this physicians seldom fail
To guess at what their patients ail ;
And by this *water* hangs a tale.

A *nymph*, who of his room took care,
Nor over-young, nor over-fair ;
As she assiduous round the room
Ply'd her dust-dissipating broom,
Perceiv'd, her water fain would flow
From its accustom'd vent below ;
And hast'ning straitway to the place,
Where stood the *urinary vase*,

Taking

Taking the *utenfil*, she pours
 Forth from within most copious show'rs:
 The waters kindly join, as *ale*
 Mix'd by my landlord, *mild* and *sale*.
 The sacred streams of *Alpheus*, so
 With *Arethusa's* waters flow.

MAGGOT returns, the day being fair,
 After his compliment of air;
 He takes the *pot*, the *smell* was strange,
 And wonderful! the *colours* change;
 To find what secret lurks within,
 He *tastes*, and *looks*, then *tastes* again;

"Zo—ns (he cries out) *I'm grown a woman*,

"This water could be made by no man.

"Hah! how can this be reconcil'd?—

"By — I'm certainly with child."

He fancy'd now his belly rose,

And now he feels a mother's throws;

Of pangs unknown, now fore afraid,

He begs LOCINA's future aid.

What man alive can bear the curse

Of tatling gossips, midwife, nurse?

To feed on *slops* was not so cruel:

He long had liv'd on *water-gruel*.—

But lest digression in my song

Should tire your patience—'ere 'twas long

The *damsel* had the same occasion,

Which would admit no prorogation.

She eas'd her, as she did before,

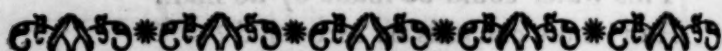
When MAG. by chance approach'd the door,

And heard a murmur, as of rills

Falling 'mongst pebbles down the hills.

He

He wonders what the noise should be,
 And turns with furious *baste* the key:
 The damsel can't the fact deny,
 Her down cast looks alone reply;
 Whilst he, enrag'd, fail'd not to rate her,
 A faucy *jade*! to dare to scatter
 Into her master's *pot* her *water*! }
 She ne'er must have the honour more
 To make his bed, or sweep the floor.
 Howe'er poor MAGGOT's hugely-pleas'd,
 Thus of his fancied burden eas'd;
 Nor longer now afraid to stand
 The *search* of midwife's groping hand.



T H E
 S P E C I F I C K;
 O R,
 A C O R D I A L for the L A D I E S.
 A T A L E.

✓ M I S S M O L L Y, a fam'd toast, was fair and
 young,
 Had wealth and charms,—but then she had a tongue!
 From morn to night, th' eternal larum run,
 Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.
 Sir J O H N was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
 Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame:
 Possess'd he thought of every joy of life;
 But his dear M O L L Y prov'd a very wife.

Excess

Excess of fondness did in time decline;
Madam lov'd money, and the *knight* lov'd wine.
 From whence some petty discords would arise,
 As, *You're a fool*;—and, *You are mighty wise*.

Tho' he and all the world allow'd her wit,
 Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet.
 When she began,—for hat and sword he'd call,
 Then after a faint kiss,—cry, b'y, dear MOLL;
 Supper and friends expect me at the *rose*.
 And, what, Sir JOHN, you'll get your usual dose!
 Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine:
 Sure never virtuous love was us'd like mine!

Oft, as the watchfull bellman mark'd his round,
 At a fresh bottle gay Sir JOHN he found.
 By four the knight would get his business done,
 And only then reel'd off, because alone;
 Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come,
 But arm'd with *Bourdeaux*, he durst venture home.

My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd;
 She rattl'd loud, and he impatient heard:
 'Tis a fine hour! in a sweet pickle made!
 And this, Sir JOHN, is every day the trade.
 Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
 Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight;
 'Till morn sends stagg'ring home a drunken beast,
 Resolv'd to break my heart, as well as rest.

Hey! hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obstrep'rous
 spouse?

What! can't you find one bed about the house?
 Will that perpetual clack lye never still?
 That rival to the softness of a mill?

Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
Where I may sleep uncurs'd with wife and noise.

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With snarling meals, and each a separate bed.
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.
Old WISEWOOD smook'd the matter as it was,
Cheer up, cry'd he! and I'll remove the cause.

A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
Of sov'reign virtue, chiefly to compose
Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,
The best elixir t' appease man and wife;
Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine;
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine:
If in his fullen airs Sir JOHN should come,
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then
mum:

Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and
scold,

Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
One month this sympathetic medicine try'd,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
Or ev'ry prattling hussy 'll beg a dose.

A water-bottle's brought for her relief;
Not *Nants* could sooner ease the lady's grief:
Her busy thoughts are on the tryal bent,
And, female-like, impatient for th' event:

The bonny *knight* reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour, and domestic war.
Entring, he cries,—hey! where's our thunder fled?
No hurricane! BETTY's your lady dead?

Madam

Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
 Curt'fy's, looks kind, but not a word she speaks :
 Wond'ring, he star'd, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
 But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.

Why how now, MOLLY, what's the crotchet now ?
 She smiles, and answers only with a bow.

Then clasping her about—Why, let me die !
 These night-clothes, MOLL, become thee mightily !
 With that, he sigh'd, her hand began to press,
 And BETTY calls, her lady to undress.

Nay, kiss me, MOLLY ;—for I'm much inclin'd.—
 Her lace she cuts, to take him in the mind.
 Thus, the fond pair to bed enamour'd went,
 The *lady* pleas'd, and the good *knight* content.

For many days these fond endearments pass'd ;
 The reconciling bottle fails at last ;
 'Twas us'd and gone.—Then midnight storms arose,
 And looks and words the union discompose.
 Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she flies
 To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies ;
 Transported does the strange effects relate,
 Her *knight's* conversion, and her happy state !

Why, niece, says he,—I prithee apprehend ;
 The water's water :—Be thyself thy friend ;
 Such beauty would the coldest husband warm,
 But your provoking tongue undoes the charm :
 Be silent, and complying,—you'll soon find
 Sir JOHN, without a med'cine, will be kind.



THE
H Y P - L O V E R :
O R, THE
F A T A L D I S C O V E R Y.

TWO College Sophs, of *Cambridge* growth,
Both special wits, and lovers both,
Conferring, as they us'd to meet,
On love and books, in rapture sweet ;
(*Muse*, find me names to fit my metre,
CASSINUS this, and t'other PETER)
Friend PETER to CASSINUS goes,
To chat a while, and warm his nose :
But such a sight was never seen,
The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen ;
He seem'd as just crept out of bed,
One greasy stocking round his head ;
The t'other he sat down to darn
With threads of diff'rent-colour'd yarn.
His breeches torn, exposing wide
A ragged shirt, and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well imbrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown ;
A rug, for night-gown he had none.
His jordan stood, in manner fitting,
Between his legs, to spew or spit in.

His

His ancient pipe in fable dy'd,
And half unsmoak'd, lay by his side.

Him, thus accoutr'd, PETER found,
With eyes in smoak and weeping drown'd :
The leavings of his last night's pot
On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.

Why CASSY, thou wilt dose thy pate :
What makes thee lie a bed so late ?
The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Their mattins chaunt in ev'ry bush ;
And I have heard thee oft salute
AURORA with thy early flute.

Heav'n send thou hast not got the hys !
How ! not a word come from thy lips ?
Then gave him some familiar thumps ;
A college joke, to cure the dumps.

The swain at last, with grief oppress'd,
Cry'd CÆLIA thrice, and sigh'd the rest.

Dear CASSY, tho' to ask I dread,
Yet ask I must : Is CÆLIA dead.

How happy I, were that the worst !
But I was fated to be curst.

Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore ?

Oh ! PETER, would it were no more.
Why, plague confound her sandy locks ;
Say, has the small, or greater pox
Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face ?
Be easy, 'tis a common case.

O PETER ! beauty's but a varnish,
Which time and accident will tarnish :
But CÆLIA has contriv'd to blast
Those beauty's that might ever last.

Nor can imagination guess,
 No eloquence divine express,
 How that ungrateful, charming maid,
 My purest passion has betray'd.
 Conceive the most envenom'd dart,
 To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.

Why, hang her, tho' she seem'd so coy,
 I know she loves the barber's boy.

Friend PETER, this I could excuse,
 For ev'ry nymph has leave to chuse ;
 Nor have I reason to complain :
 She loves a more deserving swain.
 But, oh ! how ill hast thou divin'd
 A crime, that thocks all human-kind.
 A deed unknown to female race,
 At which the sun should hide his face.
 Advice in vain you would apply——
 Then leave me to despair and die.
 Yet, kind *Arcadians*, on my urn,
 These elegies and sonnets burn ;
 And on the marble grave these rhimes,
 A monument to after-times.
 " Here CASSY lies, by CÆLIA slain,
 " And dying, never told his pain.

Vain empty world farewell. But, hark !
 The loud *Cerberian* triple bark.
 And there—behold ALECTO stand,
 A whip of scorpions in her hand.
 Lo ! CHARON from his leaky wherry,
 Beck'ning to waft me o'er the ferry.
 I come, I come :—MEDUSA, see,
 Her serpents hiss, direct at me.

Begone ;

Begone ; unhand me, hellish fry :

Avaunt—ye cannot say 'twas I.

Dear CASSY, thou must purge and bleed ;

I fear thou wilt be mad, indeed :

But now, by friendship's sacred laws,

I here conjure thee, tell the cause ;

And CÆLIA's horrid fact relate ;

Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.

To force it out, my heart must rend :

Yet, when conjur'd by such a friend—

Think, PETER, how thy soul is rack'd ;

These eyes, these eyes beheld the fact.

Now bend thine ear, since out it must :

But, when thou seest me laid in dust,

The secret thou shall ne'er impart ;

Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart ;

(How would her virgin soul bemoan,

A crime to all her sex unknown !)

Nor whisper to the tattling reeds,

The blackest of all female deeds ;

Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,

Where ECHO sits, and list'ning mocks.

Nor let the Zephyr's treach'rous gale,

Through *Cambridge* waft the direful tale,

Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd race,

Discover CÆLIA's foul disgrace,

But, if you fail, my spectre dread,

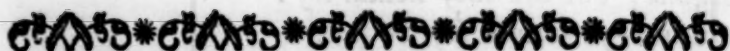
Attending nightly round your bed.—

—And yet, I dare confide in you ;

So take my secret, and adieu.

Nor wonder how I lost my wits :

Oh ! CÆLIA, CÆLIA, CÆLIA sh—t's.



THE
WHIMSICAL PROCLAMATION;
OR, THE
MAIDEN'S WISH.
A TALE.

FROM *London*, PAUL the Carrier coming down
To *Wantage*, meets a beauty of the town;
They both accost with salutation pretty,
As, how do'st PAUL? Thank ye, and how do'st
BETTY?

Didst see our JACK, nor sister? No, you've seen,
I warrant, none but those who saw the queen.
Many words spoke in jest, says PAUL, are true,
I came from *Windfor*, and if some folks knew
As much as I, it might be well for you. }
Lord, PAUL! what is't? Why give me something
for't;

This kiss,—and this.—The matter's then in short,
The parliament have made a proclamation,
Which will this week be sent all round the nation;
That *maids* with *little mouths* do all prepare,
On *Sunday* next to come before the may'r, }
And that all *batchelors* be likewise there.

For *maids* with little mouths shall, if they please,
From out of these young *men* chuse two a-piece.
BETTY, with bridled chin extends her face,
And then contracts her lips; with simp'ring grace,
Cries,

Cries, hem ! pray what must all the huge ones do
 For husbands, when we little mouths have two ?
 Hold, not so fast, cries he, pray pardon me,
Maids with huge gaping wide mouths must have three.
 BETTY distorts her face with hideous squawl,
 And mouth of a foot wide, begins to bawl, }
 Oh ! ho ! is't so ? The case is alter'd, PAUL.
 Is that the point ? I wish the *three* were *ten*,
 I warrant I'll find *mouth*, if they'll find *men*.



MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE;

OR, THE

PENITENT PRUDE.

A TALE.

DESPONDING PHYLLIS was endu'd

With ev'ry talent of a *Prude* :

She trembled, when a man drew near ;

Salute her, and she turn'd her ear ;

If o'er-against her you were plac'd,

She durst not look above your waist ;

She'd rather take you to her bed,

Than let you see her dress her head :

In church you heard her, thro' the crow'd,

Repeat the *absolution* loud ;

In church, secure behind her fan,

She durst behold that monster *man* ;

There practis'd how to place her head,

And bit her lips, to make them red ;

Or,

Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
 Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
 And heave her bosom, unaware,
 For neighb'ring beaux to see it bare.
 At length, a lucky lover came,
 And found admittance to the dame.
 Suppose all parties now agreed,
 The writings drawn, the lawyer feed.
 The vicar and the ring bespoke;
 Guefs, how could such a match be broke.
 See then, what mortals place their blifs in !
 Next morn, betimes, the bride was missing ;
 The mother scream'd, the father chid ;
 Where can this idle wench be hid ?
 No news of PHIL. ! The bridegroom came,
 And thought the bride had sculk'd for shame ;
 Because her father us'd to say,
 The girl *had such a bashful way.*

Now JOHN the butler must be sent,
 To learn the road that PHILLIS went.
 The groom was wish'd to saddle *Crop*,
 For JOHN must neither light nor stop,
 But find her wheresoe'er she fled,
 And bring her back alive or dead.

See here again, the Dev'l to do ;
 For, truly, JOHN was missing too.
 The horse and pillion both were gone !
 PHILLIS, it seems, was fled with JOHN.

Old madam, who went up to find
 What papers PHIL. had left behind,
 A letter on the toilet sees,
To my much honour'd father—these ;

('Tis always done, romances tell us,
 When daughters run away with fellows)
 Fill'd with the choicest common-places,
 By others us'd in the like cases,

" That, long ago, a *fortune-teller*,
 " Exactly said what now befel her ;
 " And in a *glass* had made her see
 " A *serv'ing-man* of low degree.
 " It was *her fate* ; must be forgiven ;
 " For *marriages* were made in *heav'n* ;
 " His pardon begg'd ; but, to be plain,
 " She'd do't if 'twere to do again.
 " Thank God, 'twas *neither shame nor sin*,
 " For JOHN was come of *bonest kin* ;
 " Love never thinks of rich and poor,
 " She'd beg with JOHN from door to door.
 " Forgive her, if it be a crime,
 " She'll never do't *another time*.
 " She ne'er before, in all her life,
 " Once disobey'd him, *maid nor wife*.
 " One argument she summ'd up all in,
 " The thing was done, and past recalling ;
 " And therefore hop'd she should recover
 " His favour, when his passion's over.
 " She valu'd not what others thought her,
 " And was——his *most obedient daughter*."

Fair maidens, all attend the muse,
 Who now the wand'ring pair pursues.
 Away they rode in homely sort,
 Their journey long, their money short ;
 The loving couple well bemir'd ;
 The horse, and both the riders tir'd ;

Their

Their victuals bad, their lodging worse ;
 PHIL. cry'd, and JOHN began to curse :
 PHIL. wish'd that she had strain'd a limb,
 When first she ventur'd out with him :
 JOHN wish'd that she had broke her leg,
 When first for her he quitted PEG.

But what adventures more befel 'em,
 The muse hath now no time to tell 'em ;
 How JOHNNEY wheedled, threatned, fawn'd,
 Till PHILLIS all her trinkets pawn'd :
 How oft she broke her marriage vows,
 In kindness to maintain her spouse,
 Till swains unwholsome spoil'd the trade ;
 For now the surgeon must be paid,
 To whom those perquisites were gone,
 In christian justice due to JOHN.

When food and rayment now grew scarce,
 Fate put a period to the farce,
 And with exact poetic justice ;
 For JOHN is landlord, PHILLIS hostess :
 They keep at *Stains the Old Blue-Boar*,
 Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.





THE
ECSTATIC VISION;

OR,

THE JE NE SCAY QUOI.

A TALE.

IT so betel,—a silly *Swain*,
Had sought his Heifer long in vain;
For wanton, she had frisking stray'd,
And left the lawn to seek the shade.
Around the plain *he* rolls his eyes,
Then to the wood, in haste he hies;
Where, singling out the tallest tree,
He climbs, in hopes to hear or see.
Anon, there chanc'd that way to pass
A jolly *Lad*, and buxom *Lass*;
The place was apt, the pastime pleasant;
Occasion with her forelock present:
The girl agog, the gallant ready,
So lightly down he lays my lady;
But so she turn'd, or so was laid,
That she some certain charms display'd,
Which with such wonder struck his sight,
(With wonder much, more with delight)
That loud he cry'd, in rapture, what!
What see I, gods! *What see I not?*
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis guess'd,
'Twas more than well could be express'd.

The

The Clown aloft, who lent an ear,
 Strait stopt him short in mid career,
 And louder cry'd, *Ho ! honest friend,*
That of thy seeing seest no end ;
Dost see the Heifer that I seek ?
If dost, pray be so kind to speak.



T H E

LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

CÆLIA and I the other day
 Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea :
 The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
 His beams intire, his fierceness lost :
 And, on the surface of the deep,
 The winds lay only not asleep :
 The nymph did like the scene appear,
 Serenely pleasant, calmly fair :
 Soft fell her words, as flew the air,
 With secret joy I heard her say,
 That she would never miss one day
 A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, oh the change ! the winds grow high,
 Impending tempests charge the sky ;
 The light'ning flies, the thunder roars,
 And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
 Struck with the horror of the sight,
 She turns her head, and wings her flight ;
 And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
 Approach the shore, or view the main.

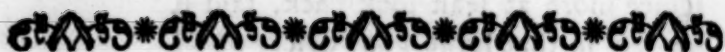
Once

Once more at least look back, said I,
 Thy self in that large glass descry,
 When thou art in good humour drest,
 When gentle reason rules thy breast,
 The sun upon the calmest sea
 Appears not half so bright as thee :
 'Tis then that with delight I rove
 Upon the boundless depth of love :
 I bless my chain, I hand my oar,
 Nor think on all I left on shore.

But when vain doubt, and groundless fear
 Do that dear foolish bosom tear :
 When the big lip, and wat'ry eye
 Tell me, the rising storm is nigh :
 'Tis then, thou art yon' angry main,
 Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain ;
 And the poor sailor that must try
 Its fury, labours less than I.

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
 While love and fate still drive me back :
 Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
 I chid thee first, and then obey.
 Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
 I with thee, or without thee, die.



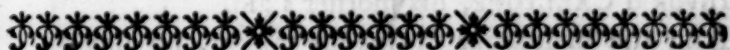


THE
RIVAL PAINTERS;
OR, THE
UNLUCKY BLUNDER.

IN *Italy*, as authors tell us,
There liv'd a Painter wond'rous jealous;
Tormented with a female evil,
Tempting and subtile as the Devil;
A slipp'ry *Proteus*, whom no chain,
No *Spanish* padlock could contain.
Thus she created frequent smart
To spouse's aching head and heart.
'Twas the chief business of his life,
How to confine this *Eel*, his wife;
Inventive noddle teems at last,
With an odd whim to hold her fast,
Resolv'd his pencil art to show,
(Whate'er he can't perform below)
He drew a *Mule*, with dext'rous skill,
On the soft brow of VENUS' hill.
Thus if she stray'd, he could, for certain,
Know it by drawing up the curtain.
But, ah! how vain our counsels are,
And all our plots against the fair.
Comes brother brush to take a bout,
So, *G—d knows how!* they rubb'd it out.

But,

But, as he was an honest brother,
 Finding one gone, he drew another;
 Forgetting what the first did lack,
 He clapp'd a *Saddle* on his back.
 CHLOE was hugely pleas'd, and smil'd
 To think how *Signor* was beguil'd;
 Who reeling home one evening late,
 With mellow looks, and jealous pate,
 Vow'd he'd not take a wink of sleep,
 Without one dear departing peep.
 Can you distrust me, CHLOE cries,
 Inhuman man! and wipes her eyes?
 Put on your spectacles, and view it;
 The *Mule*, my dear, is where you drew it.
 The *Mule* I see is safe, my dear,
 But, z——ds, who put the *Saddle* here?



ORPHEUS and EURYDICE.

A T A L E.

HAPPY the lot! to view with ravish'd eyes,
 The fountains whence eternal joys arise.
 Happy the flight! on angels wings to soar,
 And scorn the earth, and wear her chains no more.

In *fable* this was taught by bards of old;
 Tho' feign'd, instructive is the story told.

When the inspir'd *Thracian* lost his mate,
 And mourn'd EURYDICE's untimely fate;
 Tho' his melodious notes the groves obey'd,
 And danc'd in tuneful measures as he play'd;

K

Tho'

Tho' rapid streams a-while forgot to run,
 And in his warbling accents lost their own;
 Tho' as his strings the mighty artist play'd,
 The hind stood list'ning by the lion's side;
 The dog no more pursu'd the trembling hare,
 And savages no longer savage were;
 Yet all his art too feeble was to prove
 A charm for sorrow, or a cure for love.
 Great was his pow'r, his anguish greater still,
 And his disease superior to his skill;
 His skill was fruitless on himself alone,
 And he subdu'd all passions but his own.
 To mighty Jove his suppliant hands he rear'd,
 But Jove was deaf, nor his petitions heard:
 To the *infernal pow'rs* he next apply'd,
 And there the prevalence of musick try'd;
 Invok'd CALLIOPE, his mother's aid,
 And the melodious strains she taught, he play'd:
 He pray'd and sung what artless woe could do,
 Or love inspire, which e'en imbitter'd woe;
 King of the shades! restore my ravish'd bride;
 O, give me my EURYDICE! he cry'd:
 EURYDICE, aloud the gloomy shades reply'd. }
 The wakeful CERBERUS ceas'd his hideous roar,
 Amaz'd at soothing sounds unheard before;
 The restless vengeance of the *Furies* slept,
 And the inexorable *Sisters* wept;
 Ixion stopt, and list'ning o'er his wheel,
 His doom suspended, for a while stood still;
 TANTALUS crav'd the running stream no more,
 But sought with greedy eyes th' enchanting shore;
 The

The *Vulture* respited the *Giant's* pain,
 And while he feasted on th' harmonious strain,
 The wounds, forever doom'd to bleed, were heal'd
 again. }

It is enough, the yielding monarch cry'd :
 Musick has vanquish'd *me*, redeem'd the *bride* ;
 Yet know, if e'er you've past the bounds of night,
 Tow'rd's the lov'd prize thou cast th' impatient sight,
 She's lost forever ; and her dear bought charms
 Irrevocably vanish from thy arms.
 But, oh ! what sov'reign pow'rs can lovers awe ?
 Love takes no dictates, but his own, for law :
 Away he flew ; yet e'er the limits cross,
 One glance, he cry'd, kind pow'rs, for all my cost :
 And thus EURYDICE was won, beheld, and lost. }

The *fable's* moral to yourselves apply,
 Who look tow'rd's heav'n with an unsteady eye ;
 If meaner objects shall the sight prophane,
 You seek the lustre of the skies in vain,
 Which like EURYDICE is lost, nor found again. }



TRUE RICHES;

OR,

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

A TALE.

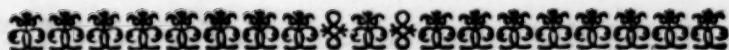
STILPO, of *stoic* cast, who first
 Stoutly refus'd to fear the worst ;
 Who knew no ill could e'er befall,
 Where conscious Virtue's *all in all* ;

K 2

When

When old ANTIGONUS's son,
 So oft a king, so oft undone,
 Like a tempestuous whirlwind came,
 And set *Megara* in a flame;
 Stript of his *all*, half naked went
 To seek the haughty victor's tent;
 The tyrant smil'd; but mov'd to see
Merit expos'd to *misery*,
 Order'd the captains of his host
 To give him back the goods he'd lost.
 STILPO the useless boon deny'd;
 Forbear, mistaken prince, he cry'd.
 " I've nothing that I value lost:
 " Wisdom and Virtue still I boast
 " Triumphant in my soul; the rest,
 " Meer joys of life, are but a jest."
 Th' astonish'd monarch blush'd with shame,
 Conscious of STILPO's brighter fame:
 " This man, he cry'd, has conquer'd more
 " By *Virtue*, than my arms by *Power*.
 " Cities may burn, and empires fall,
 " But *Virtue* triumphs over all."





CUPID AND CHLOE:

OR, THE

LUCKY FALL.

A TALE.

A Band of CUPID's t'other day
 Together met to laugh and play;
 When, on a sudden, come, who flies?
 Says one; but whither, t'other cries?
 Why! whither but to CHLOE's eyes,
 Reply'd a third. The wanton crew
 (Like swarms of bees to roses) flew
 Around the-beauteous virgin's face,
 And crowded hard to get a place.
 This on her ruby lip does fix,
 Whilst on her cheek another sticks.
 This swings upon her flowing hair;
 In her fair eyes a lovely pair
 Of youths stand with their torches lit;
 Two others on her eye-brows sit,
 Each with his bow; amongst the rest,
 One tumbles headlong on her breast;
 But soon recovering his fall,
 Cries out—*I've the best place of all.*

}



BAD ON BOTH SIDES;

OR, THE

WHIMSICAL CONTRACT,

TWO *Welshmen*, partners in a Cow,
Resolv'd to sell her dear,

And laid their heads together how

To do't at *Ludlow* fair.

It was a sultry summer's day,

When out they drove the beast,

And having got about half-way,

They set them down to rest:

The Cow, a creature of no breeding,

(The place with grass being stor'd)

Fed by; and while she was a feeding,

Let fall a mighty T——.

ROGER, quoth HUGH, I'll tell the what,

Two words and I have done,

If you will fairly eat up that,

This Cow is all thy own.

'Tis done, quoth ROGER; 'tis agreed,

And to't he went apace;

He seem'd so eager, that 'tis said

He quite forgot his grace.

He labour'd with a wooden spoon,

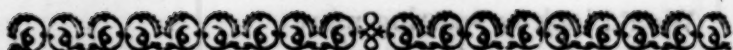
And up he slopt the stuff,

Till by the time that half was done

He felt he had enough.

He

He felt, but scorning to look back,
 Wou'd look as wanting more;
 And seem'd to make a fresh attack,
 As vigorous as before.
 But stopping short a while, he cry'd,
 How far'st thou neighbour HUGH?
 I hope by this you're satisfy'd,
 Who's master of the Cow,
 Ay, ay, quoth HUGH, (the Devil choke thee,
 For nothing else can do't)
 I'm satisfy'd that thou hast broke me,
 Unless thou wilt give out.
 Give out, quoth ROGER, that were fine;
 Why what have I been doing?
 But yet I tell thee, friend of mine,
 I shall not seek thy ruin.
 My heart now turns against such gains,
 I know th' art piteous poor,
 Eat then the half that still remains,
 And 'tis as 'twas before.
 God's blessing on my heart, quoth HUGH,
 That proffer none can gainsay;
 With that he readily fell too,
 And eat his share of tanfy.
 We're even now, quoth HODGE, no doubt,
 And neither side a winner:
 So had we been, quoth HUGH, without
 This damn'd confounded dinner.



JUST AS YOU PLEASE;

O R,

THE INCURIOUS.

A T A L E.

A *Virtuoso* had a mind to see
 One that would never discontented be,
 But in a careless way to all agree;
 He had a servant much of *Æsop's* kind,
 Of personage uncouth, but sprightly mind:
 HUMPUS, says he, I order that you find
 Out such a man, with such a character,
 As in this paper now I give you here,
 Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
 Or rather, you shall meet with a worse fate;
 For I will break your back, and set you strait.
 Bring him to dinner—HUMPUS soon withdrew,
 Was safe, as having such a one in view,
 At *Covent-Garden* dial, whom he found
 Sitting with thoughtless air, and look profound:
 Who, solitary, gaping without care,
 Did seem to say, Who is't goes any where?
 Says HUMPUS, sir, my master bad me pray
 Your company to dine with him to-day.
 He snuffs; then follows; up the stairs he goes;
 Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his shoes.
 But looking round him saw a handsome room,
 And did not much repent that he was come;

Close

Close to the fire he draws an elbow-chair,
 And lolling easy does for sleep prepare.
 In comes the family, but he sits still,
 Thinks, let them take the other chairs that will.
 The master thus accosts him; " Sir, you're wet;
 " Pray have a cushion underneath your feet.
 Thinks he, if I do spoil it, need I care;
 I see he has eleven more to spare.
 Dinner's brought up, the wife is bid retreat,
 And at the upper end must be his seat.
 This is not very usual, thinks the clown;
 But is not all the family his own?
 And why should I, for contradiction sake,
 Lose a good dinner, which he bids me take?
 If from his table she discarded be,
 What need I care, there is the more for me?
 After a while the daughter's bid to stand,
 And bring him whatsoever he'll command:
 Thinks he, the better from the fairer hand.
 Young master next must rise to fill him wine,
 And starve himself to see the booby dine.
 He does't.—The father asks, what have you there?
 Sir, 'twas *Champaigne* I gave him; sir, indeed!
 Take him, and scourge him till the rascal bleed;
 Don't spare him for his tears nor age: I'll try,
 If cat with nine tails can excuse a lie.
 Thinks the clown, that 'twas wine I do believe,
 But such young rogues are aptest to deceive;
 He's none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,
 And how know I but it may be his good?
 When the desert came on, and jellies brought,
 Then was the dismal scene of finding fault;

They

They were such hideous, filthy, pois'nous stuff,
 Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
 HUMPUS was ask'd who made 'em: Trembling, he
 Said, " Sir, it was my lady gave 'em me."
 No more such poison shall she ever give,
 I'll burn the witch, 'ti'n't fitting she should live;
 Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry,
 And pray, good sir, may't please you to be by.
 Then smiling, says the clown, upon my life,
 A pretty fancy this! to burn one's wife.
 And since I find 'tis really your design,
 Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine.



THE
 CANONICAL QUIBLER;
 OR, THE
 PREVARICATION.
 A TALE.

AN Abbot rich (whose taste was good,
 Alike in science and in food)
 His Bishop had resolv'd to treat;
 The Bishop came, the Bishop eat;
 'Twas silence, 'till their stomachs fail'd;
 And now at hereticks they rail'd:
 What heresy (the Prelate said)
 Is in that church where priests may wed?
 Do not we take the church for life?
 But those divorce her for a wife.

Like

Like laymen keep her in their houses,
 And own the children of their spouses.
 Vile practices! the Abbot cry'd,
 For pious use we're set aside.

Shall we take wives? Marriage, at best,
 Is but carnality profest.

Now, as the Bishop took his glass,
 He spy'd our Abbot's buxom lass,
 Who cross'd the room; he mark'd her eye
 That glow'd with love; his pulse beat high.
 Fie, father, fie, (the Prelate cries)

A maid so young! for shame, be wise.

These indiscretions lend a handle
 To lewd lay-tongues, to give us scandal;
 For your vows sake, this rule I give t'ye,
 Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty.

The Priest reply'd, I have not swerv'd,
 But your chaste precept well observ'd;
 That lass full twenty-five has told;
 I've yet another who's as old;
 Into one sum their ages cast;
 So both my maids have fifty past.

The Prelate smil'd, but durst not blame;
 For why? His lordship did the same.

Let those who reprimand their brothers,
 First mend the faults they find in others.





H A N S C A R V E L.

HANS CARVEL, impotent and old,
Married a lass of *London* mould :

Handsome enough ; extremely gay ;
Lov'd musick, company, and play :
High flights she had, and wit at will ;
And so her tongue lay seldom still :
For in all visits who but she,

• To argue, or to repartee.

She made it plain, that human passion
Was order'd by predestination ;
That if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they :
Whole tragedies she had by heart ;
Enter'd into ROXANA's part :
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good.
How like a vine young AMMON curl'd !
Oh that dear conqu'ror of the world !
She pity'd BETTERTON in age,
That ridicul'd the god-like rage.

She, first of all the town, was told
Where newest *India* things were sold :
So in a morning, without bodice,
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. THODY's,
To cheapen tea, to buy a screen :
What else cou'd so much virtue mean ?
For to prevent the least reproach,
BETTY went with her in the coach.

But

But when no very great affair
 Excited her peculiar care,
 She without fail was wak'd at ten,
 Drank chocolate, then slept again :
 At twelve she rose ; with much ado
 Her cloaths were huddl'd on by two :
 Then, does my lady dine at home ?
 Yes sure ; —but is the Colonel come ?
 Next, how to spend the afternoon,
 And not come home again to soon ;
 The change, the city, or the play,
 As each was proper for the day ;
 A turn in summer to *Hyde-park*,
 When it grew tolerably dark.

Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain ;
 Strange fancies came in HANS's brain :
 He thought of what he did not name ;
 And wou'd reform, but durst not blame.
 At first he therefore preach'd his wife
 The comforts of a pious life :
 Told her, how transient beauty was ;
 That all must die, and flesh was grass :
 He bought her sermons, psalms and graces,
 And doubled down the useful places.
 But still the weight of wordly care
 Allow'd her little time for pray'r :
 And CLEOPATRA was read o'er,
 While SCOT, and WAKE, and twenty more,
 That teach one to deny one's self,
 Stood unmolested on the shelf.
 An untouch'd bible grac'd her toilet ;
 No fear that thumb of her's shou'd spoil it.

In short, the trade was still the same ;
The dame went out ; the Colonel came.

What's to be done ? poor CARVEL cry'd :
Another batt'ry must be try'd :
What if to spells I had recourse ?
'Tis but to hinder something worse.
The end must justify the means :
He only sins who ill intends :
Since therefore 'tis to combat evil ;
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil.

Forthwith the Devil did appear,
(For name him, and he's always near)
Not in the shape in which he plies
At miss's elbow when she lies ;
Or stands before the nursery doors,
To take the naughty boy that roars ;
But without saucer eye or claw,
Like a grave barrister at law.

HANS CARVEL, lay aside your grief,
The Devil says : I bring relief.
Relief, says HANS ; pray let me crave
Your name, sir.—SATAN.—Sir your slave :
I did not look upon your feet :
You'll pardon me :—Ay now I see't :
And pray, sir, when came you from Hell ?
Our friends there, did you leave them well ?
All well : but pr'ythee, honest HANS,
(Says SATAN) leave your complaisance :
The truth is this : I cannot stay
Flaring in sun-shine all the day ;
For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites,
Love more the fresco of the nights ;

And

And oft'ner our receipts convey
 In dreams, than any other way.
 I'll tell you therefore as a friend,
 Ere morning dawns, your fears shall end:
 Go then this evening, master CARVEL,
 Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel;
 Let friends and wine dissolve your care,
 Whilst I the great receipt prepare:
 To-night I'll bring it, by my faith;
 Believe for once what SATAN faith.

Away went HANS; glad! not a little;
 Obey'd the Devil to a tittle;
 Invited friends some half a dozen,
 The Colonel, and my lady's cousin.
 The meat was serv'd; the bowls were crown'd;
 Catches were fung; and healths went round:
 Barbadoes waters for the close;
 'Till HANS had fairly got his dose:
 The Colonel toasted to the best;
 The dame mov'd off, to be undrest:
 The chimes went twelve; the guest withdrew;
 But when, or how, HANS hardly knew.
 Some modern anecdotes aver,
 He nodded in his elbow chair;
 From thence was carry'd off to bed:
 JOHN held his heels, and NAN his head.
 My lady was disturb'd: new sorrow!
 Which HANS must answer for to-morrow.

In bed then view this happy pair;
 And think how HYMEN triumph'd there.
 HANS, fast asleep, as soon as laid;
 The duty of the night unpay'd:

The waking dame, with thoughts oppress'd,
 That made her hate both him and rest :
 By such a husband, such a wife !
 'Twas ACME's and SEPTIMUS' life :
 The lady sigh'd ; the lover snor'd ;
 The punctual Devil kept his word :
 Appear'd to honest HANS again ;
 But not at all by madam seen :
 And giving him a magick ring,
 Fit for the finger of a king ;
 Dear HANS, said he, this jewel take,
 And wear it long for SATAN's sake :
 'Twill do your business to a hair :
 For long as you this ring shall wear,
 As sure as I look over *Lincoln*,
 That ne'er shall happen which you think on.

HANS took the ring with joy extream ;
 (All this was only in a dream)
 And thrusting it beyond his joint,
 'Tis done, he cry'd : I've gain'd my point.—
 What point, said she, you ugly beast ?
 You neither give me joy nor rest :
 'Tis done.—What's done, you drunken bear ?
 You've thrust your finger God knows where.





A N

ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS DANAE, when fair and young
 (As HORACE has divinely sung)
 Could not be kept from JOVE's embrace
 By doors of steel, and walls of brace.
 The reason of the thing is clear,
 Would JOVE the naked truth aver:
 CUPID was with him of the party,
 And shew'd himself sincere and hearty:
 For, give that whipster but his errand,
 He takes my lord chief justice' warrant;
 Dauntless as death away he walks,
 Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks;
 Searches the parlour, chamber, study,
 Nor stops 'till he has CULPRIT's body.

Since this has been authentic truth,
 By age deliver'd down to youth;
 Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
 Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,
 Make us less curious, her less fair?
 The spy, which does this treasure keep,
 Does she ne'er say her pray'rs, nor sleep?
 Does she to no excess incline?
 Does she fly musick, mirth, and wine?
 Or have not gold and flatt'ry pow'r,
 To purchase one unguarded hour?

L

Your

Your care does further yet extend ;
 That spy is guarded by your friend.——
 But has this friend nor eye, nor heart ?
 May he not feel the cruel dart,
 Which, soon or late, all mortals feel ?
 May he not, with too tender zeal,
 Give the fair Pris'ner cause to see,
 How much he wishes, she were free ?
 May he not craftily infer
 The rules of friendship too severe,
 Which chain him to a hated trust ;
 Which make him wretched, to be just ?
 And may not she, this darling she,
 Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,
 Easy with him, ill-us'd by thee,
 Allow this logic to be good ?
 Sir, will your questions never end ?
 I trust to neither spy nor friend.
 In short, I keep her from the sight
 Of ev'ry human face.——She'll write.——
 From pen and paper she's debarr'd.——
 Has she a bodkin and a card ?
 She'll prick her mind.——She will, you say :
 But how shall she that mind convey ?
 I keep her in one room : I lock it ;
 The key (look here) is in this pocket.
 The key-hole, is that left ? Most certain.
 She'll thrust her letter thro'—Sir MARTIN.
 Dear angry friend, what must be done ?
 Is there no way ?—There is but one.
 Send her abroad ; and let her see,
 That all this mingled mass, which she

Being

Being forbidden longs to know,
 Is a dull farce, an empty show,
 Powder, and pocket-glass, and beaux ;
 A staple of romance and lies,
 False tears, and real perjuries :
 Where sighs and looks are bought and sold ;
 And love is made but to be told :
 Where the fat bawd, and lavish heir,
 The spoils of ruin'd beauty share ;
 And youth seduc'd from friends and fame,
 Must give up age to want and shame.
 Let her behold the frantick scene,
 The women wretched, false the men :
 And when, these certain ills to shun,
 She would to thy embraces run,
 Receive her with extended arms ;
 Seem more delighted with her charms ;
 Wait on her to the park and play ;
 Put on good humour ; make her gay :
 Be to her virtues very kind ;
 Be to her faults a little blind ;
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd ;
 And clap your PADLOCK—on her mind.





T O

A young Gentleman *in* Love.

A T A L E.

FROM publick noise and factious strife,
 From all the busy ills of life,
 Take me, my CÆLIA, to thy breast;
 And lull my wearied soul to rest:
 For ever, in this humble cell,
 Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
 None enter else, but love—and he
 Shall bar the door and keep the key.

To painted roofs, and shining spires,
 (Uneasy seats of high desires)

Let the unthinking many croud,
 That dare be covetous and proud:
 In golden bondage let them wait,
 And barter happiness for state:
 But, oh! my CÆLIA, when thy swain
 Desires to see a court again,
 May heav'n around his destin'd head
 The choicest of its curses shed:
 To sum up all the rage of fate,
 In the two things I dread and hate;
 May'st thou be false, and I be great.

Thus, on his CÆLIA's panting breast,
 Fond CELADON his soul exprest;
 While with delight the lovely maid
 Receiv'd the vows, she thus repaid:

Hope

Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
 Blest miracle of love and truth!
 All that could e'er be counted mine,
 My love and life, long since are thine :
 A real joy I never knew,
 'Till I believ'd thy passion true :
 A real grief I ne'er can find,
 'Till thou prove perjur'd or unkind.
 Contempt, and poverty, and care,
 All we abhor, and all we fear,
 Blest with thy presence, I can bear.
 Thro' waters, and thro' flames I'll go,
 Suff'rer and solace of thy woe :
 Trace me some yet unheard of way,
 That I thy ardour may repay :
 And make my constant passion known,
 By more than woman yet has done.

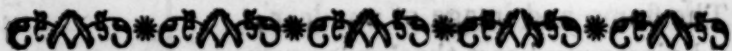
Had I a wish that did not bear
 The stamp and image of my dear ;
 I'd pierce my heart thro' ev'ry vein,
 And die to let it out again.
 No : VENUS shall my witness be,
 (If VENUS ever lov'd like me)
 That for one hour I wou'd not quit
 My shepherd's arms, and this retreat,
 To be the *Persian* monarch's bride,
 Part'ner of all his pow'r and pride :
 Or rule in regal state above,
 Mother of Gods, and wife of JOVE.

O happy these of human race !
 But soon, alas ! our pleasures pass.

He thank'd her on his bended knee ;
 Then drank a quart of milk and tea ;
 And leaving her ador'd embrace,
 Hasten'd to court to beg a place.
 While she, his absence to bemoan,
 The very moment he was gone,
 Call'd THYRSIS from beneath the bed ;
 Where all this time he had been hid.

M O R A L.

While men have these ambitious fancies ;
 And wanton wenches read romances ;
 Our sex will—What ? Out with it—lye ;
 And theirs in equal strains reply.
 The moral of the tale I sing
 (A posy for a wedding ring)
 In this short verse will be confin'd :
 Love is a jest, and vows are wind.



PAULO PURGANTI, and his Wife :

An Honest, but a Simple Pair.

*Est quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni virtute, quod
 deceat ; quod cogitatione magis a virtute potest quam
 re separari.* Cic. de Off. L. 1.

BEYOND the fix'd and settl'd rules
 Of vice and virtue in the schools,
 Beyond the letter of the law,
 Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
 The better sort should set before 'em
 A grace, a manner, a decorum ;

Something,

Something, that gives their acts a light;
 Makes 'em not only just, but bright;
 And sets 'em in that open fame,
 Which witty malice cannot blame.

For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting;
 Much may be right, yet much be wanting:
 From lines drawn true, our eye may trace
 A foot, a knee, a hand, a face:
 May justly own the picture wrought
 Exact to rule, exempt from fault:
 Yet if the colouring be not there,
 The TITIAN stroke, the GUIDO air;
 To nicest judgement show the piece;
 At best 'twill only not displease:
 It would not gain on JERSEY's eye:
 BRADFORD would frown, and set it by.

Thus in the picture of our mind,
 The action may be well design'd;
 Guided by law, and bound by duty,
 Yet want this *Je ne sçay quoy* of beauty:
 And tho' it's error may be such

As KNAGS and BURGESS cannot hit;
 It yet may feel the nicer touch

Of WICHERLY or CONGREVE's wit.

What is this talk? replies a friend,
 And where will this dry moral end?
 The truth of what you here lay down
 By some example should be shown——
 With all my heart,—for once; read on.
 An honest, but a simple pair
 (And twenty others I forbear)
 May serve to make this *Thesis* clear.

A doctor of great skill and fame,
 PAULO PURGANTI was his name,
 Had a good, comely, virtuous wife ;
 No woman led a better life :
 She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted :
 She chuckl'd when a bawd was carted :
 And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
 'Till all the whores were burnt alive.

On marry'd men, that dare be bad,
 She thought no mercy should be had ;
 They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flead,
 Or serv'd like *Romish* priests in *Swede*.——
 In short, all lewdness she defy'd ;
 And stiff was her parochial pride.

Yet in an honest way, the dame
 Was a great lover of that same ;
 And could from scripture take her cue,
 That husbands should give wives their due.

Her prudence did so justly steer
 Between the gay and the severe,
 That if in some regards she chose
 To curb poor PAULO in too close ;
 In others she relax'd again,
 And govern'd with a looser rein.

Thus tho' she strictly did confine
 The doctor from excess of wine ;
 With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli,
 She let him almost burst his belly :
 Thus drying coffee was deny'd ;
 But chocolate that loss supply'd :
 And for tobacco (who could bear it ?)
 Filthy concomitant of claret !

(Blest

(Blest revolution!) one might see
Eringo roots, and bohea tea.

She often set the doctor's band,
And strok'd his beard, and squeez'd his hand;
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too soon:
She held it wholesomer by much,
To rest a little on the couch.—
About his waist in bed a-nights
She clung so close—for fear of sprites.

The doctor understood the call;
But had not always wherewithal.

The *Lion's* skin too short, you know,
(As *PLUTARCH's* morals finely show)
Was lengthen'd by the Fox's tail,
And art supplies, where strength may fail.

Unwilling then in arms to meet
The enemy, he could not beat;
He strove to lengthen the campaign,
And save his forces by chicane.
FABIUS, the *Roman* chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew *MAXIMUS*,
Shews us, that all the warrior can do
With force inferior, is *cunctando*.

One day then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear;
Our don, who knew this tittle tattle
Did, sure as trumpet, call to battle;
Thought it extremely *a' propos*,
To ward against the coming blow:
To ward; but how? Ay, there's the question:
Fierce the assault, unarm'd the bastion.

The

The doctor feign'd a strange surprize :
 He felt her pulse ; he view'd her eyes :
 That beat too fast ; these rowl'd too quick :
 She was, he said, or would be sick :
 He judg'd it absolutely good,
 That she should purge and cleanse her blood.
Spaw waters for that end were got :
 If they past easily or not,
 What matters it ? The lady's fever
 Continu'd violent as ever.

For a distemper of this kind,
 (BLACMORE and HANS are of my mind)
 If once it youthful blood infects,
 And chiefly of the female sex,
 Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion,
 Whate'er might be our doctor's notion.

One luckless night then, as in bed,
 The doctor and the dame were laid ;
 Again this cruel fever came,
 High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.
 What measures shall poor PAULO keep

With madam in this piteous taking ?
 She, like MACKBETH, has murder'd sleep,
 And won't allow him rest, tho' waking.

Sad state of matters ! when we dare
 Not ask for peace, nor offer war :
 Nor LIVY nor COMINES have shown,
 What in this juncture may be done.
 GROTIUS might own, that PAULO's case is
 Harder, than any which he places
 Amongst his *Belli* and his *Pacis*.

He

He strove, alas ! but strove in vain,
 By dint of logic to maintain,
 That all the sex was born to grieve,
 Down to her ladyship from EVE.
 He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience ;
 Back'd his opinion with quotations,
 Divines and moralists ; and run ye on
 Quite thro' from SENECA to BUNYAN.
 As much in vain he bid her try
 To fold her arms, to close her eye ;
 Telling her, rest would do her good,
 If any thing in nature cou'd :
 So held the *Greeks* quite down from GALEN,
 Masters and princes of the calling :
 So all our modern friends maintain
 (Tho' no great *Greeks*) in *Warwick-lane*.

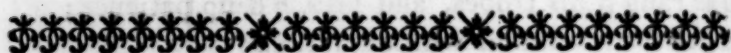
Reduce my muse, the wand'ring song :
 A tale should never be too long.

The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd,
 And sigh'd, and toft, and groan'd, and turn'd :
 At last, I wish, said she, my dear——
 (And whisper'd something in his ear.)
 You wish ! wish on, the doctor cries :
 Lord ! when will womankind be wise ?
 What, in your waters ? are you mad ?
 Why poison is not half so bad.

I'll do it——But I give you warning :
 You'll die before to-morrow morning.——

'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise ;
 The lady with a sigh replies :
 But life, you know, at best is pain ;
 And death is what we should disdain.

So do it therefore, and adieu ;
 For I will die for love of you. —
 Let wanton wives by death be scar'd :
 But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.



A true STORY of

AN APPARITION.

SCEPTICKS (whose strength of argument makes
 out,

That wisdom's deep inquiries end in doubt)
 Hold this assertion positive and clear,
 That sprites are pure delusions rais'd by fear.
 Not that fam'd ghost, which in presaging sound
 Call'd BRUTUS to PHILIPPI's fatal ground ;
 Nor can TIBERIUS GRACCHUS' goary shade
 These ever-doubting disputants persuade.
 Strait they with smiles reply ; those tales of old
 By visionary priests were made and told :
 Oh might some ghost at dead of night appear,
 And make you own conviction by your fear !
 I know your sneers my easy faith accuse,
 Which with such idle legends scares the muse :
 But think not that I tell those vulgar sprites,
 Which frightened boys relate on winter nights ;
 How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
 How headless horses drag the clinking chain,
 Night-roaming ghosts, by saucer eye-balls known,
 The common spectres of each country town.

No,

No, I such fables can like you despise,
 And laugh to hear these nurse-invented lies.
 Yet has not oft the fraudulent guardian's fright
 Compell'd him to restore an orphan's right ?
 And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,
 Which on the conscious murd'ers steps attend ?
 Hear then, and let attested truth prevail,
 From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where *Arden's* forest spreads its limits wide,
 Whose branching paths the doubtful road divide,
 A trav'ler took his solitary way ;
 When low beneath the hills was sunk the day.
 And now the skies with gathering darkness lowr,
 The branches rustle with the threaten'd shower ;
 With sudden blast the forest murmurs loud,
 Indented lightnings cleave the sable cloud,
 Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,
 And heav'n discharges all its wat'ry stores.
 The wan'dring trav'ler shelter seeks in vain,
 And shrinks and shivers with the beating rain ;
 On his steed's neck the slacken'd bridle lay,
 Who chose with cautious step th' uncertain way ;
 And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
 If any noise foretold a village near.
 At length from far a stream of light he sees
 Extend its level ray between the trees ;
 Thither he speeds, and as he nearer came
 Joyful he knew the lamp's domestick flame
 That trembled through the window ; cross the way
 Darts forth the barking cur, and stands at bay.

It was an ancient lonely house, that stood
 Upon the borders of the spacious wood ;

Here

Here towers and antique battlements arise,
 And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies;
 Some lord this mansion held in days of yore,
 To chase the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
 How chang'd, alas, from what it once had been!
 'Tis now degraded to a public inn.

Strait he dismounts, repeats his loud commands;
 Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands;
 With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,
 His house was full, and every bed in use.
 What not a garret, and no straw to spare?
 Why then the kitchen fire, and elbow-chair,
 Shall serve for once to nod away the night.
 The kitchen ever is the servant's right,
 Replies the host; there, all the fire around,
 The count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground.

The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
 With pity learnt the weary stranger's fate.
 Be brave, she cries, you still may be our guest,
 Our haunted room was ever held the best;
 If then your valour can the fright sustain
 Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain;
 If your courageous tongue has power to talk
 When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;
 If you dare ask it, why it leaves its tomb,
 I'll see your sheets well air'd and show the room.
 Soon as the frightened maid her tale had told,
 The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
 Where ivy hung the half demolished wall;
 She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
 While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.

And

And now they gain'd the winding stairs ascent,
 And to the lonesome room of terrors went.
 When all was ready, swift retir'd the maid,
 The watch-lights burn, tuckt warm in bed was laid
 The hardy stranger, and attends the sprite
 Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night.

At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
 Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door;
 Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
 Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground:
 When lo, the spectre came with horrid stride,
 Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtain wide.
 In human form the ghastful phantom stood,
 Exposed his mangled bosom dy'd with blood,
 Then silent pointing to his wounded breast,
 Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frightened guest
 The bed-cords trembled, and with shuddring fear
 Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair;
 Then mutt'ring hasty prayers, he man'd his heart,
 And cry'd aloud; Say, whence and who thou art.
 The stalking ghost with hollow voice replies,
 Three years are counted, since with mortal eyes
 I saw the sun, and vital air respir'd,
 Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
 Within these walls I slept, O thirst of gain!
 See still the planks the bloody mark retain!
 Stretch'd on this very bed, from sleep I start,
 And see the steel impending o'er my heart;
 The barb'rous hostels held the lifted knife,
 The floor ran purple with my gushing life.
 My treasure now they seize, the golden spoil
 They bury deep beneath the grass-grown soil,

Far

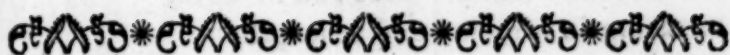
Far in the common field. Be bold, arise,
 My steps shall lead thee to the secret prize ;
 There dig and find ; let that thy care reward :
 Call loud on justice, bid her not retard
 To punish murder ; lay my ghost at rest,
 So shall with peace secure, thy nights be blest ;
 And when beneath these boards my bones are found
 Decent inter them in some sacred ground.

Here ceas'd the ghost. The stranger springs from
 bed,

And boldly follows where the phantom led ;
 The half worn stony stairs they now descend,
 Where passages obscure their arches bend
 Silent they walk ; and now through groves they pass,
 Now through wet meads their steps imprint the grass ;
 At length amidst a spacious field they came ;
 There stops the spectre, and ascends in flame.
 Amaz'd he stood, no bush, nor briar was found.
 To teach his morning search to find the ground ;
 What could he do ? the night was hideous dark,
 Fear shook his joints, and nature dropt the mark ;
 With that he starting waked, and rais'd his head,
 But found the golden mark was left in bed.

What is the statesman's vast ambitious scheme,
 But a short vision, and a golden dream ?
 Power, wealth, and title elevate his hope ;
 He wakes ; but for a garter finds a rope.





THE LADLE.

THE Scepticks think, 'twas long ago
 Since Gods came down *incognito*,
 To see who were their friends or foes,
 And how our actions fell or rose :
 That since they gave things their beginning,
 And set this whirligig a spinning,
 Supine they in their heav'n remain,
 Exempt from passion, and from pain :
 And frankly leave us human elves,
 To cut and shuffle for ourselves ;
 To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
 As matter and as motion jumble.

The Poets now, and Painters hold
 This THESIS both absurd and bold :
 And your good-natur'd Gods, they say,
 Descend some twice or thrice a-day ;
 Else all these things we toil so hard in,
 Would not avail one single farthing :
 For when the hero we rehearse,
 To grace his actions, and our verse,
 'Tis not by dint of human thought
 That to his LATIUM he is brought ;
 IRIS descends by fate's commands,
 To guide his steps thro' foreign lands ;
 And AMPHITRITE clears his way
 From rocks and quick-sands in the sea.

And if you see him in a sketch ;
 (Tho' drawn by PAULO or CARACHE)

M

He

He shows not half his force and strength,
 Strutting in armour, and at length :
 That he may take his proper figure,
 The piece must yet be four yards bigger :
 The NYMPHS conduct him to the field ;
 One holds his sword, and one his shield :
 MARS standing by asserts his quarrel :
 And FAME flies after with a laurel.

These points, I say, of speculation
 (As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
 Men idly learned will dispute,
 Assert, object, confirm, refute :
 Each mighty angry, mighty right,
 With equal arms sustains the fight ;
 'Till now no umpire can agree 'em ;
 So both drew off, and sing *Te deum*.

Is it in *equilibrio*,
 If deities descend or no ?
 Then let th' affirmative prevail,
 As requisite to form my tale :
 For by all parties 'tis confest,
 That those opinions are the best,
 Which in their nature most conduce,
 To present ends, and private use.

Two gods came therefore from above,
 One MERCURY, the other JOVE :
 The humour was (it seems) to know,
 If all the favours they bestow,
 Could from our own perverseness ease us ;
 And if our wish enjoy'd would please us.

Discourfing largely on this theme,
 O'er hills and dales their godfhips came ;

'Till

'Till well nigh tir'd at almost night,
They thought it proper to alight.

Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in disguise a god or goddess
Exerts no supernatural powers,
But acts on maxims much like ours.

They spy'd at last a country farm,
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm ;
For woods before, and hills behind
Secur'd it both from rain and wind :
Large oxen in the fields were lowing ;
Good grain was sow'd ; good fruit was growing :
Of last year's corn in barns great store ;
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door :
And wealth (in short) with peace consented,
That people here should live contented :
But did they in effect do so ?
Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know.

The honest farmer and his wife,
Two years declin'd from prime of life ;
Had struggl'd with the marriage noose,
As almost ev'ry couple does :
Sometimes, my plague ! sometimes, my darling !
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling ;
Jointly submitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure.

Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd :
Our farmer met 'em in the yard ;
Thought they were folks that lost their way ;
And ask'd them civilly to stay :
Told em, for supper, or for bed
They might go on, and be worse sped. —

So said, so done; the gods consent :
 All three into the Parlour went :
 They compliment; they sit; they chat;
 Fight o'er the wars; reform the state :
 A thousand knotty points they clear;
 Till supper and my wife appear.

JOVE made his leg, and kiss'd the dame :
 Obsequious HERMES did the same.
 JOVE kiss'd the farmer's wife, you say.
 He did—but in an honest way :
 Oh! not with half that warmth and life,
 With which he kiss'd AMPHITRION's wife.—

Well then, things handsomely were serv'd :
 My mistress for the strangers carv'd.
 How strong the beer, how good the meat,
 How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
 In epic sumptuous wou'd appear;
 Yet shall be pass'd in silence here:
 For I should grieve to have it said,
 That by a fine description led,
 I made my episode too long,
 Or tir'd my friend, to grace my song.

The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away,
 JOVE thought it time to show his play :
 Landlord and landlady, he cry'd,
 Folly and jesting laid aside,
 That ye thus hospitably live,
 And strangers with good cheer receive,
 Is mighty grateful to your betters,
 And makes ev'n gods themselves your debtors.
 To give this *Thesis* plainer proof,
 You have to night beneath your roof

A pair

A pair of gods: (nay never wonder)
 This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
 I'm JUPITER, and he MERCURIUS,
 My page, my son indeed, but spurious.
 Form then three wishes, you and madam;
 And sure, as you already had 'em,
 The things desir'd in half an hour
 Shall all be here, and in your pow'r.

Thank ye, great gods, the woman says:

Oh! may your altars ever blaze.

A Ladle for our silver dish

Is what I want, is what I wish.—

A Ladle! cries the man, a Ladle!

'Odzooks, CORISCA, you have pray'd ill:

What should be great, you turn to farce:

I wish the Ladle in your A—.

With equal grief and shame my muse

The sequel of the tale pursues:

The Ladle fell into the room,

And stuck in old CORISCA's bum.

Our couple weep two wishes past,

And kindly join to form the last,

To ease the woman's awkward pain,

And get the Ladle out again.

M O R A L.

This commoner has worth and parts,

Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts:

His head aches for a coronet:

And who is bless'd that is not great?

Some sense, and more estate, kind heav'n

To this well-lotted peer has given:

What then? He must have rule and sway;
And all is wrong, 'till he's in play.

The miser must make up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded sum:
The sickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his last dregs of life.

Against our peace we arm our will:
Amidst our plenty, *something* still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
That cruel *something* unpossess'd
Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.
That *something*, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain:
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a WISH, and all a LADLE.



M E R R Y A N D R E W.

A T A L E.

SLY MERRY ANDREW, the last *Southwark* fair,
(At *Barthol'mew* he did not much appear;
So peevish was the edict of the may'r)
At *Southwark*, therefore, as his tricks he show'd,
To please our masters, and his friends the croud,
A huge neats-tongue he in his right hand held:
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clownish mimic traverses the stage:

Why

Why how now, ANDREW! cries his brother droll,
 To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull;
 Come on, fir, to our worthy friends explain;
 What does your emblematick worship mean?
 Quoth ANDREW, honest English let us speak:
 Your emble— (what d'ye call't) is heathen greek.
 To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence:
 Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
 That busy fool I was, which thou art now;
 Desirous to correct, not knowing how;
 With very good design, but little wit,
 Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.
 I for this conduct had what I deserv'd;
 And dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
 But thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat;
 Since I have found the secret to be great.
 O dearest ANDREW, says the humble droll,
 Henceforth may I obey, and thou controul;
 Provided thou impart thy useful skill.
 Bow then, says ANDREW; and, for once, I will.
 Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says;
 Sleep very much; think little; and talk less:
 Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong;
 But eat your pudding, slave; and hold your tongue.

A reverend prelate stopt his coach and fix,
 To laugh a little at our ANDREW's tricks:
 But when he heard him give this golden rule,
 Drive on, he cry'd; this fellow is no fool.



CUPID turn'd TIPSTAFF:

An Heroic-Comic T A L E.

IN vain with weeping eyes the *Queen of Love*
 Long search'd heav'n over for her fav'rite *Dove*;
 CUPID, concern'd to see his mother's pain,
 Cry'd, cease your tears—I'll find your *Bird* again.
 To earth let's bend our course, full well I know
 The *fair Purloiner*, and her lodgings too.
 A thousand little *Loves* around me stand,
 All on the wing whenever you command.

Fly then this moment thro' the ambient air,
 And I'll in masquerade bring up the rear.

Bent on revenge, to CHLOE's house they fled,
 ('Twas one o'clock, and CHLOE was a-bed)
 With lawless force they batter'd down the door,
 Regardless of the neighbours or the hour;
 Strait to the room, where the *fair* lay they run;—
 Thieves, thieves, cries SUSAN; we are all undone.
 CHLOE awak'd in terrible surprize;
 Where, SUSAN where!—and rubb'd her lovely eyes.
 But when she saw her numerous mid-night foes,
 Trembling, she sunk her head beneath the cloaths.

With a stern look the God approach'd the bed;
 You are my prisoner;—'tis in vain to hide:
 At VENUS' suit you here indicted stand;
 Behold the *Warrant* made by her command!
 By emulous pride, or secret malice stirr'd,
 You've robb'd the *Goddeſs* of her fav'rite *Bird*.

She

She blush'd, and rais'd her face above the sheet ;—
'Tis a *Fob-action*, CUPID, let me see't.

By heav'ns I'm falsly charg'd !—My *Poll* I prize
More than her *Dove*, or any Dove that flies.

But search for satisfaction where you please :—

SUSAN, come hither :—Give him all my keys.—

Her keys he takes, and all her doors unlocks,

Examines every closet, every box :

Tho' long he search'd, his labours prov'd in vain ;

Vex'd, he approaches CHLOE's bed again.

Well! sir, said she, and is the poultry found.—

Look sharp ;—perhaps he's in the tea-pot drown'd.

No, traitrefs, no, the little *God* replies,

Within your breast the little *Rover* lies ;—

Then search and see ;—I'll lay my bosom bare :—

With transport CUPID gaz'd, and press'd the *fair*.

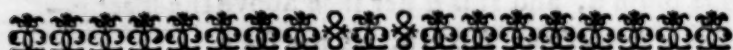
The *fair*, unguarded, let his fingers rove

Too low, and touch'd the *Citadel* of Love.

Here, here's your *Bird*, mamma!—Cease, cease your
grief ;—

I feel his feathers,——CHLOE is the Thief.





SIMPLE SIMON:

O R,

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

A T A L E.

QUOTH SIMON to THOMAS, (and shew'd him his wife)

See THOMAS! see here! the delight of my life.
 Look at her again!—Did you ever behold
 Such sweetness, enshrin'd in so charming a mold?
 For conjugal virtue she never had peer;
 To me, all engaging;—to others, severe.
 But then to enjoy her! good Gods! such a feast
 Were fit for a monarch,—or even a priest.
 Would she but consent, you should taste of the bliss.—
 This man's my acquaintance; SUE, grant him a kiss.

SUE yielded; and THOMAS accepted the grace:
 The husband sat by, and beheld the embrace;
 Overjoy'd that his wife would so far condescend,
 As to honour her spouse, by obliging his friend.

How suddenly CUPID can poison impart!
 It pass'd thro' the lips, and it tickled the heart.
 They ey'd one another with mutual good-will;
 And SIMON commended his moiety still.
 Friend THOMAS, you'll visit your neighbour again?
 Your treatment shall always be hearty and plain.
 From eleven 'till two I am daily at 'Change:
 At any time else, sir:—Pray, do not make strange!

TOM

TOM promis'd: the bottle went once more about;
And then they most courteously lighted him out.

SUE added her compliments too at the door:
My husband has mentioned the time, sir, before:
From eleven 'till two he is never at home.—
I hope, sir, you'll do us the honour to come.

TOM's word was repeated: the sense of the promise
Appear'd in the eyes of both SUSAN and THOMAS.
But SIMON was blinded with love of the dame.—
And if SUSAN was visited, " Who was to blame?



T H E
M O D E R N J U D G E :
A T A L E .

A Modern PAINTER had no peer:
His works were purchas'd far and near.
CLODIO, a mimic of the mode,
Whose wit was light, whose wealth a load,
Because the man was mentioned so,
Would have some piece of his to show.

He sends. The Painter was at hand.
What Picture, sir, would you demand?
CLODIO, in country notions nurst,
Answer'd in brief, King CHARLES the first.
To paint a king was little more,
He thought, than 'twas to paint a door.

His future king the man designs,
And boldly traces out the lines :

The

The colours blend at his command ;
 And STUART rose beneath his hand.
 (With pious front and pointed beard
 Th' anointed confessor appear'd.)
 He made the kingly features strike
 With all the spirit of VANDYKE :
 Then carefully retouch'd it thrice ;
 And twenty pieces were the price.

This Picture crown'd his numerous toils ;
 His former works to this were foils.
 The finish'd labour throng'd his doors
 With all the rival connoisseurs.
 A price is bid by all who come,
 And still the last the largest sum :
 But virtue scorn'd the sordid thought ;
 The work was his for whom 'twas wrought.

To CLODIO's door our artist came ;
 Knock'd ; spoke with NAN ; sent up his Name,
 My master's busy, friend, to-day :
 But leave your king, he bid me say ;
 And come to-morrow just at nine ;
 Or——about two, perhaps, he'll dine.

At nine next morn our man attends ;
 But finds that CLODIO and two friends
 (As they the night before agreed)
 Were gone to *Berwick* upon *Tweed*.
 As for the Picture, there it hung :
 Think how the Painter's soul was stung !
 Think how he look'd, when by the maid
 The sense of CLODIO was display'd !

My master likes your painting well ;
 And you'll do more: that I can tell.

He'll

He'll have himself, and parson SABLE,
 And justice BUNCH, behind our table,
 Tossing off bumpers of *Olether* :
 (They must be drunk, and master sober)
 In madam's room he'll have that hung.
 The mill that grinds old women young,
 With JOSEPH's dream, and ADAM's fall,
 Those you must paint upon this wall.
 Then master says, all under one,
 He'll have the window-shutters done.
 And that new kennel there for *Turk*.——
 You'll have, I warr'nt, a fortnight's work.

Thy master, child, is wond'rous kind,
 And thou hast amply told his mind :
 But wilt thou reach me down the piece
 That I have done there ? Surely, yes !

Pleas'd to receive his CHARLES again,
 He tore it thro' with deep disdain,
 And cast the fragments on the floor ;
 Then spoke this Fable at the door.

A SPIDER once so finely wrought,
 That all the wiser insects bought.
 Fame, fortune, friends, flow'd in, and made
 Her work the standard of her trade.

There was no fashionable room,
 Unhung with hangings from her loom.
 In short, the notion was embrac'd,
 Who bought no tap'stry, had no taste.

Shall mine, a gaudy CRICKET said,
 Be thought the only brainless head ?
 I'll have this weaver at my will.
 He went. ARACHNE try'd her skill.

Tale after tale her web supplies,
Of insect wars, and slaughter'd flies.

The curious swarm'd from ev'ry part,
And own'd her master-piece of art.
The ANTS propos'd to rid their homes,
The BEES of taste, would clear their combs,
To purchase what, they all agreed,
She never match'd, nor could exceed.

By slow degrees the work advanc'd :
'Twas done : the value was enhanc'd.
She bore it home with conscious pride,
And PALLAS once again defy'd.

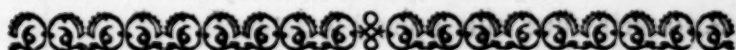
Their eager eyes the judges cast,
And envy'd GRYLLUS * as she past :
GRYLLUS, who saw the work display'd,
Then toss'd his head, and coldly said ;
Your piece is wond'rous pretty dame :
Weave me a dozen of the same.
I'll hang your webs on ev'ry wall,
Down from my garret to my hall.
I shall not grudge the market-price. —
But see the rest be wrought as nice !

The SPIDER swell'd at this disgrace,
And rent her work before his face :
Asham'd to shew that labour more,
So treated now, so prais'd before.
This ruin'd all her hopes : by this
She lost her time, the world her piece.
Yet hence this maxim to the wise ;
“ The learn'd alone can learning prize.”

* The Cricket.

The PAINTER in this rapturous mood
Sung, while the *Wench* attentive stood,
And thought the moments mighty long,
Till thus the bard made out his song.

Sweetheart, to thee, who may'st not reach
The noble truths my numbers teach,
Both deed and fable I'll explain.—
The CRICKET had thy master's brain;
There lies the web, of price so high;
The skilful Spider, child, am I;
Who wrought to please a wealthy fool,
That of no science knows one rule,
And sees no merit but in gold.—
When CLODIO comes, let this be told.



POETICAL KNIGHTHOOD.

To an Old SCHOOL-FELLOW.

AS shopmen notes in day-book first
The goods deliver'd out on trust;
Where names promiscuously are plac'd,
As this comes first, and that comes last;
From whence, at proper seasons, he,
(Taught by the rule of A, B, C,)—
Transcribes, in order, who bought what—
This page for one, for t'other that.

So I, who traffick in PARNASSUS,
And rhyme on most affairs that pass us,

Secure

Secure in pocket always keep
 Pen, ink, and Journal * bound in sheep :
 Nor time, nor form can make me doubt,
 When fancy prompts, to take them out,
 And save from death my infant labours,
 Whether at home, or at some neighbour's.

So also (for the use should be
 Complex, when so the simile)
 At proper times, in larger code,
 My *Vade Mecum* I unload ;
 Digesting into sep'rate parts,
 Tales, odes, epistles, flames and darts.—

And, as at CHRISTMAS, o'er his books
 Th' aforesaid honest tradesman looks,
 To see how stock in bus'ness betters,
 And write out bills upon his debtors ;
 When (after having chose the best,
 And shook his head at all the rest)
 He sends, or goes himself, to catch
 What ready money they will fetch.

So I, this morning, took a view
 Of all my poems, old and new ;
 To weigh them with a critic spirit,
 And use them just as they should merit.
 The flames demand the greatest part ;
 Some few discover—some desert ;
 These to a friend I shew'd, and hinted
 A mighty mind to have them printed.—

Why JACK, said he, your thought is this,
 I can't conceive it much amiss :

* The Daily Journal, or Gentleman's Pocket-
 Book, printed for R. Baldwin.

Doubtless,

Doubtless, your friends would all be glad ;
 And, faith! my int'rest should be had.—
 But first, methinks, you ought to know
 How much mankind is pleas'd with show.
 A rising Poet, always writes
 To dukes, lords, ladies, 'squires, or knights ;
 While you for ever use your pen
 To DELIA, DAVID, JOHN, or BEN.
 These vulgar names are what I fear :
 For ten to one the town will hear
 That BENJAMIN's a country quaker,
 And DELIA but a mantua-maker ;
 That DAVID in a cellar pent is,
 And JOHN's an Oilman's greasy 'prentice.

I left my friend without reply,
 And went to PHOEBUS' court just by.
 The god was but that minute up,
 And scarce had drank his morning cup.
 (To take a draught his constant course is,
 While forth the HORÆ bring his horses,
 And fix them to their flaming chariot,
 So bright—no mortal eye can bear it.)

Not many ceremonies past,
 My person known, the god in haste.
 Speak quickly, friend, I must not stay :
 The western world expects the day.
 Dost thou not see how fair AURORA
 Invites me on, and blames my * *Mora* ?

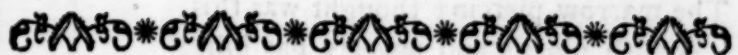
(Note, with APOLLO 'tis no crime
 To use that tongue which comes in rhyme.)

* Delay.

As soon as man can answer make
 To what superior beings speak,
 I told him all I've here told you,
 And humbly ask'd him what to do.
 Do? says APOLLO.—In my right,
 Call BEN, my lord; make JOHN a knight;
 Let DAVID shine a 'squire compleat;
 Let DELIA keep her country seat.
 Such words will give your writings strength:—
 You need not name their trades at length.

I made a bow, and home I came,
 Brim full of joy, and sacred flame;
 Corrected all my poems thro',
 And writ, besides, this scroll to you:
 (Assur'd no fellow in your plight would
 Refuse the dignity of Knighthood:)
 This scroll, which from APOLLO brings
 A title,—sacred as from kings:
 Conveying right for friends to teize ye
 With, sir—your worship—may it please ye!
 Accept it then, without one more word,
 And be Sir JOHN from this time forward.





T H E
C R U E L S Q U I R E ;

O R,

Home is Home however Homely.

IN cot of mud, instead of brick,
 Liv'd an old couple, NELL and DICK :
 Hard they labour'd while they cou'd,
 To rest in age, when rest they shou'd.
 Their honest handy-work was sped,
 And DICK their only child was dead.
 So, frugally, and not the best
 They eat and drank, and took their rest,
 Not doubting but their stock would hold
 Till the last sheet around them roll'd.
 No chimney-side but learn'd to tell
 Strange tales of happy DICK and NELL.
 To know the truth, one day the Squire
 Call'd in and warm'd him at their fire ;
 Eat toasted cheese, and drank some ale,
 Not like his own, 'twas small and stale.
 But how it touch'd his soul to find,
 In such a pair, such peace of mind !
 Not touch'd him, as it ought, to raise,
 At once, his wonder, and his praise ;
 Wonder that blifs should dwell so low,
 And praise, that Heav'n ordain'd it so.

The marrow-piercing thought was this,
 ' Wealth pines ! and poverty has bliss !'
 ' My friends, quoth he, with artful guile,
 ' Thus age and honesty should smile.
 ' You lead your lives as sweetly here,
 ' As I, with all I boast a year.
 ' Yet, if you'll come, and with me spend
 ' A month or so, my chaise I'll send ;
 ' You shall be welcome, I protest,
 ' I would not wish a worthier guest.'
 They knew not what to think or say,
 But thank'd him, in their home-bred way.
 ' May-hap, said NELL, the Squire's in joke.'
 He vow'd he most sincerely spoke ;
 And they should find it. Home he went ;
 And chaise, indeed, next morning sent.
 Said NELL, ' The favour's vast and high !
 ' We dare no other than comply.'
 Dick said, ' We'll risque it, NELL, d'ye see.
 ' Nay, what's the Squire to you, and me ?'
 A second thought the first confutes,
 So quick they don'd their Sunday suits,
 And bowl'd away ; drest at his door,
 The Squire receiv'd them. When before,
 To guests like these, was mansion wide ?
 The rooms had don'd their utmost pride ;
 The servants waited gay and thick,
 To NELL, said Madam, Sir, to DICK.
 They din'd and supp'd, on twenty dishes,
 And lay—O far beyond their wishes !
 Thus wore a week, the squire so kind !
 Alas ! they knew not half his mind !

DICK

DICK was fatigu'd, and so was NELL.
 Quoth DICK, ' I'll feign myself not well ;
 ' Nor will the thing be feigning quite,
 ' I'm sick at heart, and you're not right.'
 Here wisely, DICK, forbore to name
 What NELL advis'd the day they came.
 Mark this, upbraiding husbands all ;
 A wife's past failings ne'er recal.
 Their sickness to the Squire they told,
 Said, ' They might die, for they were old,
 ' And 'twas their wish, an't pleas'd the sky,
 ' Where they had liv'd, in peace to die.'
 The Squire agreed, but with a sneer,
 Cry'd, ' O you're discontented here !'
 He sped them going, but how pain'd,
 That his vile end was yet ungain'd !
 End ne'er was viler, for 'twas this,
 To change his anguish for their bliss.
 This end he fancy'd must ensue,
 If instant open'd on their view,
 Scenes of gay affluence quite unknown,
 Which pride would prompt to wish their own.
 But pride was far from them ; their end
 Was just to live and not depend.

That night, said DICK, as round the fire
 They sat, ' Heaven's blessing crown the Squire !
 ' But not his greatness to partake,
 ' Wou'd I this little cot forsake.
 ' Our ale beats all his sparkling wine,
 ' For that the Squire's, and this is mine.
 ' There, when behind their master's back,
 ' Cou'd I command or TOM or JACK ?

' No ; this would laugh, and that would snigger,
 ' And cry, Good lack ! that aukward figure !
 ' Here, when I please, to NELL I say,
 ' Do this, or that, and she'll obey,
 ' Obey with such concern to please,
 ' As easy, but when I'm at ease.
 ' And what I value more than life,
 ' NELL's all mine own ! my all ! my wife !
 Quoth NELL, and round his neck she flung
 Her arms, ' I lov'd thee less when young !
 ' You're all to me ! no more we'll roam !
 ' However homely, home is home.'

In this let men of fortune rest,
 That heav'n impow'rs them to be blest
 For cots of mud, wish'd well or ill,
 Whene'er they can be happy, will.
 Still, still may vice, to heav'ns high praise,
 But crush herself, and virtue raise !



THE INCHANTED CUP.

A TALE.

ALL *plagues* are *jokes*, the learned tell us,
 Compar'd with those that sting the *jealous* ;
 Imagine some *surmising* sot,
 Who thinks all nature's in a plot ;
 And lets his brain out at a venture,
 To each *suspicion* that will enter :

What

What joys has he to raise his spirits?
 Why, truly, none, for none he merits;
 A transient tinkling in his ears
 Awakes a family of fears;
 His *dreams* disclose his wanton spouse
 Preparing branches for his brows;
 His *dreams*? — But hark ye, who can swear
 That he has any to his share?
 Your observation's just and deep,
 For *dreams* must needs result from *sleep*;
 But *sleep*, I doubt, is not so dull
 To quarter in a *jealous* skull;
 But must in calmer mansions reign
 And dreads all hubbubs in the brain.
 Our *wretch* resolves his *rest* to cheat,
 To be a *Cuckold* in conceit;*
 Which is, to all intents, as good,
 As were he *one* in *flesh* and *blood*.

Give me, *poor creatures*, some relation
 Of this same monster, *Cornutation*;
 Say, does it blast your corn or hops,
 Or drive your dealers from your shops?
 Or will it cause a sore or blind eye,
 Distress your cows, or make your swine die?
 What is it but a frail offence,
 That's justly scorn'd by men of sense?
 A *badge* which those of rank and fashion
 Can wear without a moment's passion.

* *MOLIERE* has wrote a play under this title, viz.
Le Cocu Imaginaire.

Since *Cuckoldom's* a thing of course,
They're glad that matters are no worse.

Learn then to live, in *HYMEN's* fetters,
Like beaux, and lords, and men of letters;
Be unsuspicious, calm and cool,
Nor imitate that curious fool,
Who snatcht up the *Incanted Cup*,
And vainly try'd to take a sup;
The *Tale* affords you good advice,
And you shall hear it in a trice.

But first, I have some inclination
To treat you with a demonstration,
That the disaster you deplore
Is all ideal and no more.

Can you perceive, with all your dread,
Your hat grow painful to your head?
Whate'er your Lady may endeavour,
Are not your brows as smooth as ever?
She grants, without consulting you,
Some *favours* to a friend or two;
What then? the *premises* explore,
You'll find 'em as they were before:
Can you discover that her freaks
E'er steal the roses from her cheeks?
Or on her breast, are you so silly
To think you miss the blended lilly?
Your rival, having wander'd round 'em,
Leaves all her beauties as he found 'em;
And since her person is no worse,
I count not *Cuckoldom* a curse.

Ah! but my honour, you reply,
That's a nice point! and so say I.

But

But mark how your good sense miscarries,
Rome's honour is a jest at Paris.
 Your grave *French Cuckold* is a sight,
 Let him but laugh, he's then polite.
 Take things but true, I'll lay my purse,
 You'll own that *Cuckoldom's* no curse.

But can you urge it as a blessing ?
 I will, as fast as words can press in ;
 And first, you'll find your spouse will prove
 As soft and supple as a glove ;
 And then for mistresses, you may
 Have *twenty* if you can but pay ;
 And not a mortal of fine breeding
 Will e'er complain of your proceeding.

In *conversation* when you join,
 You always will be sure to shine ;
 Delight will her gay mien assume,
 And peals of mirth ring round the room.
 Your place will be advanc'd, at feasts,
 Pre-eminent above the guests ;
 And your distinguish'd plate be stor'd,
 With the first honours of the board.
 At play, your opposite will chuse,
 In meer regard to you, to lose ;
 He'll seem to think on other things,
 Discard his *Aces* and his *Kings* ;
 Misreckon and forget *Repiques*, *
 That you may sweep the shining stakes.
 From hence, I've reason in confessing
 That *Cuckoldom's* a constant blessing.

* The Game of Picquet.

I add

I add too, but without detraction,
 It keeps your spouse in breathing action ;
 Retouches her unfinish'd charms,
 And still refits her for your arms.
 Bright HELLEN seem'd to MENELAUS,
 Like a meer mawkin of the playhouse,
 'Till PARIS made the *fair* his prize,
 And open'd the dull *husband's* eyes :
 And now, sir, I am rightly guessing,
 I've prov'd this *Cuckoldom a blessing*.

You'll say my *Prologue* grows prolix,
 And all these lines might shrink to six,
 No ; for the subject, at that rate,
 Would lose, in brevity, its weight ;
 I think this plea may here avail,
 And now we enter on the *Tale*.

A Knight there was, but I've forgot
 His country,—Pshaw, it matters not ;
 As to his fortune and his name ——
 My memory is still to blame ;
 But slips like these no candour need,
 So, with permission, I'll proceed.

This worthy wight did always dread
 Some foul play in the *Marriage-bed* ;
 And sagely, therefore, did intend
 To single out some female friend,
 Who thought, like him, that CUPID's feast
 Needed no blessing from a priest.
 He lik'd the sounds, dear nymph, my life,
 Or any other words but wife :
 But whether reason was his guide,
 Let others, if they please, decide.

Poor HYMEN, as historians write,
 Could ne'er find favour in his sight;
 And having suffer'd this disgrace,
 CUPID succeeded in his place.
 The *Knight* committed to his care
 The forming of his *bill of fare*;
 Bid him select his best delights,
 His kindest days and softest nights,
 With all the transports worth his culling,
 Which he bestows unless he's fullen.

The little godship lik'd the office,
 And meant to prove himself no novice;
 Resum'd his old decoying trade,
 And quickly gain'd a tender maid;
 Then brought her, in her blooming charms,
 Obsequious to his master's arms;
 And soon a female babe discovers,
 How matters past between the lovers.

But all our joys and pleasures here,
 Are frail, alas! and insincere;
 Fate did the new-born infant save,
 But laid the mother in the grave;
 The Knight was deaf to consolation,
 At this untimely separation;
 Wish'd he had worn the nuptial fetter,
 That he might bear his grief the better;
 Husbands ne'er call for dust and sackcloth,
 Their sorrows are suffic'd with black-cloth;
 But he, whate'er his friends could say,
 Mourn'd in the patriarchal way;
 'Till time that soften's ev'ry cross,
 Had reconcil'd him to his loss.

His

His sprightly Daughter now appears
 In the gay bloom of youthful years ;
 When prudent misses first discover,
 Babies are trifles to a lover ;
 The heaving lawn that veil'd her breast,
 Shew'd something panted to be prest ;
 She fancy'd she could now surmise
 The sparkling power of radiant eyes ;
 She thought a lilly hand no harm,
 A found a use for ev'ry charm.

The Knight, in his paternal fears,
 Thought her too knowing for her years ;
 And saw, by ev'ry air she play'd,
 Of what materials she was made :
 He fear'd she'd hurry love's last farce on,
 Without the sanction of a parson ;
 And knew some beaux, among the laymen,
 Who hated HYMEN's formal *Amen* ;
 Which often palls and strangely harms
 A lady's present of her charms.

Revolving this with timely care,
 He in a convent fix'd the fair ;
 And e'er a fortnight's round was run,
 She ply'd her needle like a nun ;
 Her books, from end to the beginning,
 Set forth the sinfulness of sinning ;
 She ne'er indulg'd a recreation,
 That could endanger her salvation ;
 But chose the most austere restraints,
 And spoke the language of the saints ;
 In disputation she could fish up
 Such thoughts as would have pos'd a bishop.

If any of her sisters said,
 CALISTA, you're a lovely maid ;
 For shame ! cry'd our religious las,;
 Sure you forget all flesh is grass ;
 The beauty of each blooming sinner,
 Will soon give church-yard worms a dinner ;
 The fairest features of the face
 Are vanity, compar'd with grace.

This was the bright CALISTA's notion,
 In things relating to devotion ;
 But as to convent manufactures,
 CLOTHO ne'er spun with fewer fractures ;
 As to rich works of bold embroid'ry,
 Ev'n PALLAS was, to her, but tawdry ;
 Then as to tap'stry, proud ARACHNE
 Could scarce deserve to be her hackney.

Her charms, her wisdom and estate
 Brought many suitors to the grate ;
 She only lodg'd in that same house,
 'Till she was fit to chuse a spouse ;
 And then her father gave direction,
 That she should make her own election.

CALISTA having gain'd the key
 That open'd into liberty,
 Began to ponder, at her leisure,
 The wide extreams of pray'r and pleasure ;
 Rich coats, fine wigs, and little sense
 To the fair virgin made pretence,
 Directors, aldermen, and great men,
 Attornies, and such under rate men,
 Ev'n poets by their muse were led,
 To tempt her to the bridal bed.

The fair one, in this groupe of lovers,
 At last a pleasing youth discovers ;
 His person such as might proclaim
 He merited the brightest dame ;
 The kind CALISTA, for her part,
 Imagin'd he deserv'd her heart ;
 And VENUS had dispos'd the Knight
 To think his daughter judg'd aright.

All parties now, with friendly mind,
 Preliminary Parchments sign'd ;
 The Vicar then the contract blest'd,
 And left the pair to do the rest.

What can the nuptial joys disparage,
 When love's the motive to the marriage ?
 This couple, by their mutual passion,
 Brought matrimony into fashion ;
 And prov'd, a while, that man and wife
 May act some pleasing scenes in life.

Two years in Paradise they pass'd,
 But SATAN saunter'd in, at last,
 And whisper'd in the husband's ear,
 A black harangue of jealous fear ;
 Told him he was an easy sot,
 And that his wife was God knows what.

Our spouse, who was not over wise,
 Believ'd old BELZEE's navish lies ;
 To smoak his rival he began,
 And swore ERASTUS was the man,
 Who, but for our good mischief-maker,
 Had been as harmless as a Quaker.

What should a husband do when beaux
 Conspire against his dear repose ?

What

What should he do? Why let him laugh man,
 He knows a beau is but a half-man;
 But should the lady like the trifle —
 Ev'n then he should not lead his life ill:
 Let him a peaceful temper keep,
 Be careless or contrive to sleep;
 For no precautions will avail
 If she's determin'd to be frail.
 But should the faithful dame despise him,
 Your jealousy may make her prize him.
 Wherever such suspicions come,
 They bring their old friend *Cuckoldom*.

STREPHON (for so we call the youth)
 Ne'er dreamt of this important truth;
 And we both pity and excuse him,
 Since wicked counsels did abuse him; —
 From whom did those bad counsels flow?
 Have patience, friend, and you shall know.

NEREA flourish'd in that age,
 A fam'd Inchantress, and so sage,
 CIRCE scarce knew, with all her stir,
 Hell's horn-book, if compar'd with her.
 The whirlwinds did her pay receive,
 And durst not roar without her leave;
 She handcuff'd FATE, and had the grace
 To burn his book before his face;
 The scented ZEPHYRS were her pages,
 Ev'n surly BOREAS took her wages,
 And laugh'd when shiv'ring mortals curst her.
 For letting him so often bluster.

CUPID, whose power is oft so tragic,
 Alone eluded all her magic;

STREPHON

STREPHON had such ensnaring charms,
 She wish'd to wanton in his arms ;
 And did, by her warm passion prove,
 Ev'n *Witches* were the chains of love.
 Had she but languish'd for a kiss,
 Or some slight reputable blifs,
 The youth had to her will been won,
 But she must needs have all, or none ;
 And he would sooner lose his life,
 Then prove perfidious to his wife.

Ah ! where are such chaste husbands now ?
 Who keeps like him the marriage vow !
 The race of such good men I fear
 Is lost, and will no more appear.
 And for the ease of my affliction,
 I'll hope this Tale is all a fiction.

NEREA, piqu'd at his evasions,
 Call'd in the aid of incantations ;
 Sought love receipts thro' earth and sea,
 And gave him *Philters* in his tea ;
 But still was cross'd in each endeavour,
 For he remain'd as cold as ever ;
 STREPHON oppos'd his nuptial duty,
 To all her arts and tempting beauty.

The *fair one* was confounded quite
 At this repulse, and well she might ;
 STREPHON, said she, you grace your vows,
 And make a most heroic spouse ;
 A marry'd man and not licentious !
 Sure you are strangely conscientious !
 'Tis what I ne'er could have suspected,
 But how does madam stand affected ?

Suppose,

Suppose, for instance, she should part
 With some small pittance of her heart,
 To one who loves to be in action,
 And sighs and dresses to distraction ;
 You husbands ought to be afraid
 Of youthful rivals in brocade ;
 And would you not, in such a case,
 Abate some rigours of your grace ?
 At least, it will be right in you,
 To try if your fair spouse is true.
 ERASTUS, all the neighbours say,
 Visits CALISTA twice a day ;
 ERASTUS is my friend, said STREPHON,
 And he can never put the thief on ;
 And should she wear some frailties on her,
 Yet he's too much a *man of honour* —

Well, says NEREA with a smile,
 I'll think, with you, they're void of guile ;
 I like your unsuspecting spirit,
 Tho' she has charms and he has merit ;
 Yet beauty may be free from stain,
 And merit is not always vain.

These little smart insinuations,
 Gave STREPHON some small perturbations ;
 To trust a gay and beauteous wife,
 In all the fire of youth and life ;
 Admiring much a certain sport
 Much practis'd both in town and court ;
 I say, to trust her with a spark,
 Who had so long been CUPID's clerk ;
 O STREPHON, what hast thou been doing !
 Thy indolence will be thy ruin ;

A friend ! the very name's a jest,
 Young beauty will seduce a priest.
 Should the fair wanton deign to show
 A wicked breast of panting snow ;
 Display a whiter arm to view
 Than e'er APelles' pencil drew ;
 Or in the milk-white sheets disclose
 A shape which VENUS might have chose ;
 With looks that in love's language speak
 A welcome to whate'er you'll take ;
 Ev'n SCIPIO's boasted virtue might
 Take to its heels at such a sight.

These thoughts, as we together link 'em,
 Came on as fast as he could think 'em :
 And he on these discreet foundations,
 Rais'd suitable imaginations.
 NEREA, you may think in course,
 Trac'd all his musings to their source ;
 And to convince him he had reason
 To tax his wife with nuptial treason,
 She recommended to the youth,
 To make this trial of her truth.

His face she sprinkled with a liquor,
 Which, in a moment's time or quicker,
 Gave him the voice, the air, the eyes
 Of young ERASTUS, and his size.
 This juice when it had work'd and fretted,
 Wrought miracles where-e'er it wetted ;
 The artist in her occupation,
 Call'd it *the drops of transformation*.

Our husband, in his new disguise,
 Soon to his house impatient flies

To try the virtue of his wife,
And play'd ERASTUS to the life.

Madam, says STREPHON, you display
A most enchanting air to day ;
By all that's soft in love I swear
The fragrant spring's not half so fair ;
CUPID complains of you, and cries
You've all his weapons in your eyes ;
And says, tho' he should break his heart,
You will not trust him with a dart.

CALISTA, vers'd in lovers wiles,
Receiv'd his compliment with smiles ;
O sir, says she, I may reply,
That you can steal as well as I ;
APOLLO says his *Harp* is hung
On your monopolizing tongue ;
The MUSES make strange work about it,
And cry they cannot sing without it ;
It something unpolite appears,
To leave *Parnassus* thus in tears.

Our STREPHON, at this lively foil,
Diversify'd his artful style ;
In sighs and tears express'd his pain,
But sighs and tears were all in vain ;
CALISTA stood their utmost shock,
As steady as a marble rock.

Pleas'd with her uncomplying mien,
He now play'd off his last machine ;
Before the fair one's face he told
A heap of all-persuasive gold ;
The proffer'd sum was so immense,
CALISTA thought he utter'd sense ;

And found it a commodious season,
To listen to such specious reason.

What chastity can long remain

Impregnable to potent gain ?

CALISTA was prepar'd to yield,

Had STREPHON wish'd to win the field ;

He found his glitt'ring gifts prevail,

For when does that bless'd metal fail ?

What tho' you shine among the beaux,

Wear wigs that wave in flaxen flows ;

Have features for ADONIS fit,

And rally like the god of wit ;

Some gouty clerk of the finances,

Will soon attract your fair one's glances ;

And to his coach with hobbling pace,

Will lead her off before your face.

Gold, if there's truth in this our Tale,

Induc'd CALISTA to be frail ;

The youth receiv'd, in previous kisses,

The earnest of her venal blisses,

And thought it proper for his peace,

The scene should with those symptoms cease.

The husband's form he now resum'd,

And anguish in his aspect gloom'd ;

Ingrate ! he cry'd, inhuman wife !

To me once dearer than my life ;

Are all thy vows and virtue sold

So meanly for seducing gold ?

Justice to thee could I dispense,

Death should avenge thy base offence ;

But love does all my rage controul,

And breathes such pity in my soul,

Thy

Thy blood my hands shall never stain,
My death alone shall end my pain.

This transformation fill'd the fair
With equal wonder and despair;
Her blushing guilt and trembling fears,
Had no reply but sighs and tears.

STREPHON some days in private spent,
To canvass o'er this sad event;
Thought he, my wife's good will, 'tis true,
Was not remiss, but will that do?
Can meer intention in the spouse
Fix anlets on the husband's brows?

NEREA, conscious of his doubt,
Appear'd inclin'd to help him out;
Drink you of this same cup, she cry'd,
The business it will soon decide;
It has been form'd with so much skill,
Cuckolds alone the liquor spill;
And 'tis the constant fate of those,
To drench their beards, and stain their cloaths.

STREPHON, his scruples now to clear
Seiz'd the long pitcher by the ear;
And soon, without one breathing stop,
He drain'd it dry, nor shed a drop.
This is some comfort, sure, he cries,
And yet 'tis what I should despise;
Because my kind CALISTA would
Have dubb'd me Cuckold if she could.

Our spouse now led a restless life,
And preach'd strange lectures to his wife;
A guard of spies around her set,
And chang'd her soon to a coquet;

A wife from all gallants debarr'd,
 Begins to think that usage hard ;
 And will be vigilant to gain
 The fops she did, till then, disdain.

POOR STREPHON's brain was finely deckt
 With all the whims he could collect ;
 From calm repose he now retreated,
 As if he dreaded much to meet it ;
 Each hour he visited the cup,
 And took th' experimental sup ;
 Still madam had no stains upon her,
 And for eight days he quaff'd with honour ;
 When ah ! at last, the fatal pot
 Cascaded copious on the sot !
 Who justly gain'd, by this conviction,
 Compleat credentials for affliction.

Now poor CALISTA liv'd alone,
 Secluded in a tower of stone ;
 Where STREPHON vow'd his pensive wife
 Should waste in tears her bloom of life ;
 Each Ev'ning he resorted there,
 Reproach'd the sad sequester'd fair,
 And told her neither tears nor time
 Should e'er extenuate her crime.

One night, at last, his vital frame
 Rekindled with his former flame ;
 Her charms with his dishonour strove,
 And he relented into love.
 CALISTA, as some authors tell,
 Improv'd those tender moments well ;
 Reacted o'er each female art,
 To mollify her husband's heart,

My lovely STREPHON, cries the dame,
 My conduct no excuse can claim ;
 But tho' I have been led astray,
 I'm not peculiar in my way,
 Our sex, of old, and down to this day,
 Were frail from EVE to poor CALISTA ;
 And since, my dearest, your disgrace
 Was always thought a common case,
 Why should my first offence, tho' great,
 Such anguish in your soul create ?

Madam, says STREPHON, as I live,
 You reason well, and I'll forgive,
 The moment I can chance to see
 So many in a class with me,
 As would, if they were muster'd, yield
 A royal army for the field ;
 Perhaps my shame-disclosing cup
 May quickly make the number up ;
 All my complaints shall then be ceas'd,
 And you, my dear, shall be releas'd.

Our spouse, his project to compleat,
 Chose for the scene his country seat,
 Kept open house, and daily prest
 Each passenger to be his guest,
 And soon as the repast was clos'd,
 The cup's probation was propos'd.
 My friends, said STREPHON, 'tis my fate
 To have a fair inconstant mate,
 Who lately has her youthful charms
 Surrender'd to a rival's arms ;
 And shou'd you now incline to know
 If your kind wives have serv'd you so,

(As most wise husbands, when they roam
 Would learn how matters go at home)
 Take this same cup, and if your spouse
 Has chafely kept her marriage vows,
 The liquor in the proof will please,
 And you may drink it all with ease;
 But if your name has chanc'd to stroll
 To COMMISSARY VULCAN's roll,
 The wine will spout around the brim,
 And make you in a pretty trim.

STREPHON to all propos'd the trial,
 And none could think of a denial;
 But these, the moment they began,
 Were all beslabber'd to a man;
 You'd hear some mutter in the gizzard,
 And curse the cup-inchanting wizzard;
 Whilst others, cozen'd in their quaff,
 Would gallantly lead up the laugh.

The army thicken'd fast, and grew
 Fit for a general review;
 The troops from ev'ry quarter come,
 Without the warning beat of drum;
 Each soldier of this mighty host
 Was station'd in a proper post.

Those whom their wives but once did dupe,
 Were infantry, a comely troop;
 But those whose dames had less remorse,
 Form'd the battalions of the horse;
 Others, who met with more disasters,
 Were constituted quarter-masters;
 Each alderman, swore he'd complain on't,
 Were he not prickt for a lieutenant;

A weakly cuckold, justly clapt in
 His privilege to be a captain ;
 But those whose wives could scarce repent,
 Were colonels of a regiment ;
 And few but a lord-mayor could boast
 Prerogative to head the host.

Whilst these pretensions were deciding,
 RINALDO by the house came riding ;
 And STREPHON, who beheld him pass,
 Invited him to take a glass.

Quoth he, sir, if I guess at all,
 You're fit to be our general ;
 Then told him what was the probation,
 And left him to his inclination.

O! cries RINALDO, spare your haste,
 I think my wife extremely chaste ;
 And in that conjugal surmise
 Can sleep each night with both my eyes ;
 But should my arm be now unsteady,
 Or should your wine but make me heady,
 I might in this attempt to drink,
 Be much a fool, whate'er you think.

SREPHON, at this, did silence call, —
 This Knight is wiser than us all ;
 But still our troops in numbers yield,
 To none who dare to take the field.
 The army now was so increas'd,
 That fair CALISTA was releas'd.

Ye husbands, whose suspicions plod ill,
 O! take RINALDO for your model ;
 Had he once drank, perhaps his post
 Had been commander of the host ;
 Ev'n CHARLEMAIN himself had been
 To blame had he been *taken in*.



DESIRE and POSSESSION.

A T A L E.

'TIS strange, what diff'rent thoughts inspire
 In man, *Possession* and *Desire* ;
 Think what they wish so great a blessing,
 So disappointed when possessing.

A Moralist profoundly sage,
 I know not in what book or page,
 Or, whether o'er a pot of ale,
 Related thus the following Tale.

Possession and *Desire*, his brother,
 But still at variance with each other,
 Were seen contending in a race ;
 And kept, at first, an equal pace :
 'Tis said, their course continu'd long ;
 For, this was active, that was strong ;
 Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
 Misled them many a league about.
 Seduc'd by some deceiving light,
 They take the wrong way for the right.
 Through slipp'ry bye-roads, dark and deep,
 They often climb, and oft'ner creep.

Desire, the swifter of the two,
 Along the plain like lightning flew ;
 Till entering on a broad highway,
 Where *Power* and *Titles* scatter'd lay,
 He strove to pick up all he found,
 And by excursions lost his ground :

No

No sooner got, than with disdain
 He threw them on the ground again;
 And hasted forward to pursue
 Fresh objects fairer to his view,
 In hope to spring some nobler game;
 But, all he took was just the same:
 Too scornful now to stop his pace,
 He spurn'd them in his rival's face.

Possession kept the beaten road,
 And gather'd all his brother strow'd;
 But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
 Though strong in limbs he lagg'd behind.

Desire had now the goal in sight:
 It was a tow'r of monstrous height,
 Where, on the summit, *Fortune* stands:
 A crown and scepter in her hands,
 Beneath a chasm as deep as hell,
 Where many a bold advent'rer fell.
Desire, in rapture gaz'd awhile,
 And saw the treach'rous goddess smile;
 But, as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
 She knockt him with the sceptre down.
 He tumbl'd in the gulph profound;
 There doom'd to whirl an endless round.

Possession's load was grown so great,
 He sunk beneath the cumb'rous weight;
 And, as he now expiring lay,
 Flocks ev'ry ominous bird of prey;
 The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
 At once upon his carcase light,
 And strip his hyde, and pick his bones,
 Regardless of his dying groans.



T H E
E L B O W - C H A I R,
A T A L E.

FOLKS that are wickedly inclin'd,
To modes of vice are not confin'd.
Sir SIMON with his glass gets drunk :
His butler sucks it thro' a trunk.
So women of the town resort
As well to *Paul's*, as to the court.
'Tis not the instrument, or place,
But only people's want of grace.

To set his thought in proper light,
One short example I'll recite.
Dear *Querno* pardon, if to thee
Of little use my tale should be ;
Who know'st of sinning fashions plenty,
And for one tale, canst tell me twenty.

Sir RALPH, a debauchee of fame,
Had almost wasted all his flame ;
Which tho' his helpmeet found too true,
His am'rous cast so well she knew,
That she was ne'ertheless afraid
He'd still be piddling with her maid.
A mind, she thought, so us'd to roam,
Would ramble still, tho' nearer home :
And therefore, to prevent him there,
She always took peculiar care,

That,

That, whatsoever BETTY did,
 They ne'er should meet too near a bed.
 The curst bed was all she fear'd ;
 Of other engine she ne'er heard.

No visit would CAUTILLA pay,
 No pleasure take, by night or day ;
 But all the beds were made before,
 And she lock'd ev'ry chamber-door.
 Her dressing-room she never heeded ;
 There they might go for what they needed ;
 Nay, she could trust them any where,
 Provided still—no bed was near.

Then, as all humankind is frail,
 And the most watchful once may fail ;
 As all we do may fruitless prove,
 Without a blessing from above ;
 She daily, at her Elbow-Chair,
 Put up for him a sep'rate prayer,
 That heav'n would please to turn his heart,
 And make him from the flesh depart.

Nor did she miss, at proper times,
 To blacken all bad women's crimes ;
 And very gravely talk to BETTY
 (Who, by the way, was young and pretty)
 Of chastity, and what a shame
 It was for maids to do *that same*.

Here, were my narrative compleat,
 Much might my friends expect to meet :
 Description of Sir RALPHO's batteries,
 As presents, vows, intrigues, and flatteries ;
 How BETTY came at last to yield ;
 How long his worship kept the field.

Strange

Strange episodes might thus be rais'd,
More to be wonder'd at, than prais'd.
Shall we then lengthen out our matter,
Or end our tale?—I think, the latter.

The pious always can't prevail;
Temptation's strong, and flesh is frail:
In vain are all CAUTILLA's cares;
In vain her precepts, and her pray'rs:
BETTY grows fat, or else 'tis worse;
CAUTILLA taxes her—of course.

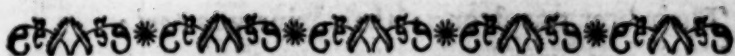
What! BETTY, has your master done it?—
Yes! BETTY's tears and tremblings own it.—

Thou beastly baggage, how came this?
Upon what bed, pray, did you kiss?
Speak huffey! Where had you the key?
When did he do it? speak, I say!

You lie with men, you slut you! fie!—
I never did.—Strumpet, you lye!—
No;—I was sitting.—Sitting! where?—
Dear madam, in your Elbow-Chair.—

I hope the maxims here maintain'd,
Are now both strengthen'd and explain'd.
Could any human means avail,
In what did poor CAUTILLA fail?
You'll say, she might have taken care,
And not have left her Elbow-Chair.
What then? was there no method more?
Pray, could she take away the floor?
Friend, had she known as much as you,
I'll warrant they'd have made it do:
You have, perhaps, a wiser wife;
Did you ne'er cheat her in your life?

Sauntring



Sauntring JACK and Idle JOAN,

INTERR'D beneath this marble stone,
 Lie sauntring JACK, and idle JOAN.
 While rolling threescore years and one,
 Did round this globe their courses run;
 If human things went ill or well;
 If changing empires rose or fell;
 The morning past, the evening came,
 And found this couple still the same.
 They walk'd and eat, good folks : what then?
 Why then they walk'd, and eat again :
 They soundly slept the night away,
 They just did nothing all the day :
 And having bury'd children four,
 Wou'd not take pains to try for more;
 Nor sister either had, nor brother;
 They seem'd just tally'd for each other.

Their moral and œconomy
 Most perfectly they made agree :
 Each virtue kept its proper bound,
 Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
 Nor fame, nor censure they regarded :
 They neither punish'd, nor rewarded.
 He car'd not what the footmen did :
 Her maids she neither prais'd, nor chid :
 So ev'ry servant took his course;
 And bad at first, they all grew worse.
 Slothful disorder fill'd his Stable;
 And fluttish plenty deck'd her table.

Their

Their beer was strong ; their wine was *port* ;
 Their meal was large ; their grace was short.
 They gave the poor the remnant-meat,
 Just when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and parish rate ;
 And took, but read not the receipt :
 For which they claim their *Sunday's* due,
 Of slumb'ring in an upper pew.

No man's defects sought they to know ;
 So never made themselves a foe.
 No man's good deeds did they commend ;
 So never rais'd themselves a friend.

They neither added, nor confounded :
 They neither wanted, nor abounded.

Each *Christmas* they accounts did clear ;
 And wound their bottom round the year.

Nor tear, nor smile did they imploy,
 At news of public grief, or joy.

When bells were rung, and bonfires made ;

If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid :

Their jug was to the ringer carry'd ;

Whoever either dy'd, or marry'd.

Their billet at the fire was found ;

Whoever was depos'd, or crown'd.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise ;

They wou'd not learn, nor cou'd advise :

Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,

They led—a kind of—as it were :

Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd ;

And so they liv'd, and so they dy'd.



F I N I S.